

PD GAZETTE

APRIL 2019

Play Me:

SARABANDE

5

The musical score for "SARABANDE" is written in bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. It consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a trill (tr) over a quarter note. The second staff starts at measure 6 and includes a trill. The third staff starts at measure 11 and features a repeat sign followed by a trill. The fourth staff starts at measure 17. The fifth staff starts at measure 22 and includes a trill. The sixth staff starts at measure 25 and concludes with a double bar line. The music is characterized by flowing eighth and sixteenth notes, with occasional trills and slurs.

CHAPTER VII

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *My Spanish Year*, by Mrs. Bernhard Whishaw

Mountain philosophy—A Rembrandt mother and child—Egyptian cotton fields—The Khalif and the _cañeria_—My lodging in a bakery—Embarrassing hospitality—An Arabic banner—Subterranean reservoirs—The Way of the Cross.

It was pitch dark, and the sky was clouded when we started from Villamartín, and the creaking and jolting of the crazy vehicle down the sharp slope from the town to the bridge over the Guadalete would have brought my heart into my mouth had I not been too tired and sleepy to care what happened. Rosario smiled at my terrors. Being a Serrana (mountain woman) by birth, she was not in the least alarmed when the diligence seemed to be diving head-foremost to perdition. "Even if we upset," she said, "we should come to no harm, for the road was so narrow and the banks so steep that we could not fall far." She also told me that there was a much better road on the other side, but as we were starting late and were a light load, the driver, an old acquaintance of hers, had chosen a short cut which in winter is a water-course.

Protected by the Providence which looks after fools, we presently landed with a final bone-shaking jerk on the high road, and thence proceeded for several miles in comparative comfort, so much so indeed that we all three went to sleep, and the boy so soundly that he hardly woke till we got within hail of his native village: for this is the King's highway, and well looked after, as are all of its class, by Government road-menders. I, however, was roused by a stop and voices at a wayside _venta_, a peasant drinking-place with a deep porch and vine-bowered poles set up in front to give shelter from the sun. Finding that we were to be there ten minutes, while the driver refreshed himself with _aguardiente_ (his offer of which, as it is a fierce spirit largely made in its cheaper forms from potatoes, I politely declined), I got down to warm my chilled limbs by movement, for we were now pretty high up and the air was cold.

Behind us, already a long way off, the lights of Villamartín still twinkled as gaily as if the night were yet young. The black clouds had broken, and the young moon stuck one slender horn out from their midst, while near at hand a patch of burning weeds cast a Rembrandtesque glow on a handsome young woman seated before a _choza_ built of bamboos and maize stalks, with an infant at her breast. One wondered why in the world she was awake and up at four in the morning, but a voice at my elbow explained it:—

"_Señora, por Dios, una perilla pa' pan!_" ["Lady, for God's sake a little dog (½d.) for bread!"]

The ubiquitous beggar, in this case a ragged child eight or nine years old, was on the watch for a possible penny from some weary traveller who might give the coin in order to be freed from the unmusical professional

whine.

I weakly gave the _perilla_. No other beggars were near to see, and the picture was worth it. I continually regret as I travel in Spain that I was not born a painter.

It was another _nuit blanche_ for me after that. Any one who knows the joy and the glory of daybreak and sunrise over the hills will understand that one would not willingly lose a moment of the glowing change from darkest shadow to glowing dawn. It is not fully light in these latitudes before six in September, and the beauty of the morning does not culminate till nearly eight. The boy slept dreamlessly, and poor tired Rosario dozed with her head on his shoulder, but I sat and gazed till my eyes were dazzled by the splendour of the sun on the everlasting hills.

About 7.30 we came to a _venta_ by a fine new bridge with one arch spanning the river. It was only built a few years ago, when the high road was extended to Algodonales. Until then this thriving village, with some 7000 inhabitants and a large trade in fruit and vegetables and walnut wood, had no communication with the outer world save by a mule track. Now it is on one of the main roads from Ronda to Jerez, and I hear that since I was there it has been provided with a motor-service from Jerez. From the bridge to Algodonales is a shady climb, the scenery growing more beautiful at every turn; and Algodonales itself is one of the prettiest villages I have seen in Spain, all orchards and walnut groves, with the music of running waters wherever one goes.

It still retains its Arabic name, the meaning of which is "cotton-fields," and the tradition of cotton grown there "_en tiempos antiguos_." One can understand that cotton-growing might have been a staple industry among the Arabs who came here from Egypt, for the valleys around are well sheltered, and an inexhaustible supply of water is brought from the hills above and distributed through an Arabic fountain with fourteen mouths. In the hottest summer it never fails, and the town and the _huertas_ are still supplied according to irrigation laws dating from Arabic times, in a strict order of precedence which no one ever dreams of disputing.

I was shown the tiny garden of a poor old man, rich with green vegetables and ripening fruit, and told how, when he brought a complaint against a flour mill recently erected by a rich man, for taking his water, the case was immediately decided in his favour, because his little _huerta_ was on the old _cañeria_ (irrigation system), and therefore held rights inalienable for all time. It reminded me of the story of a poor man at Cordoba to whom the great Khalif Abderrahman III. paid an enormous price for a few feet of land alongside of the river, because the poor man showed that if he lost that land the water rights of his _huerta_ would be interfered with.

All along the _cañerias_, which everywhere except in the streets are open to the air, maidenhair fern grows in masses, and all the banks are green with wild vegetation. One sees here, as in many other places, that Spain needs nothing but irrigation to become one of the richest corn- and

fruit-producing countries in Europe, for in this climate, once you have water, one crop succeeds another all the year round.

Rosario's coming had been announced beforehand, and it seemed to me that the whole village was waiting to welcome her. It was pretty to see the care she and her friends took that I should not feel left out in the cold, and before I knew where I was I found myself installed as a guest in the house of the youngest but most prosperous of her sisters, and quite unable, without actual discourtesy, to seek as I had intended a couple of rooms in the main street, whence I should get a view of the walnut trees, the *_huertas_*, and the hills.

The sister's husband was the leading baker of the place, and his ancient bakery of Arabic construction, with its vast dark granaries and cavernous ovens, seemed to cover about an acre of ground. They had arranged their own bedroom for me, with beautifully embroidered linen on their own handsome brass bedstead, and the only wash-basin in the house, a very small one of enamelled iron, planted on one of the numerous chairs which form the chief furniture of a Spanish bedroom, whether rich or poor. They apologised for not having cleared out the drawers for me, as they were full of the children's clothes, and they had not ventured to assume that I would honour them by accepting their hospitality until I saw whether I could put up with so poor a house.

I only had two objections to it. The first was that the spacious entrance was the favourite meeting-place of all the women of the neighbourhood, with their babies, who cried a good deal; and the second was that the one little window of the bedroom opened on to a pigsty. This Rosario apologised for, saying that she knew English ladies did not like smells, but if I could otherwise be comfortable here, the pigsty should be cleaned out every day during my visit, instead of—as was customary—once a month.

I really did not like that pigsty, but it was impossible to wound the susceptibilities of an entire family so full of genuine hospitality by declining the room, and I knew that I should see more of peasant life as an inmate of the *_tahona_*^[6] than I possibly could in a lodging apart from Rosario. So I graciously permitted pretty blue-eyed Dolores to make up beds for herself, her husband, and her children on the floor of the granary, and induced her as a favour not to clear out her one chest of drawers for me.

And there I slept for a week, with the pigs in front, the poultry behind, and a pony in a stable to my right, which got loose regularly every night and compelled me to call my hosts to catch him, lest he should break his knees over a stone feeding-trough and water-vessel left in the yard by a forgotten generation. For I knew that if they had not given me their room they would hear the noise for themselves, and I could not let their pony come to grief, because they were too hospitable to me. By closing my window and its shutters I was able to exclude most of the smell of the pigs, and there was no lack of air, because the heavy door had dragged itself half off its hinges with age, and would not close within six inches. It had to be fixed with a chair, but, as Rosario pointed

out, I need not be in the least nervous if it opened of itself any time, “because I was among friends; not in a *_fonda_*, where one never knew who might come along and try one’s door at night.”

It is usual for whole families of Spaniards, even of a much richer class, to use one dressing-table and washstand in common. Indeed, at a furnished flat which we took at a high rent one summer at the seaside, we found only one small washstand supplied for our whole party, consisting of three adults and a servant. Thus it never occurred to Rosario or Dolores that I could mind washing with my door half open, and I got over the slight inconvenience by hanging my dressing-gown over the gap, while my host and his apprentices sat and smoked just outside.

The one thought of the family seemed to be how to secure me the most enjoyment possible, and each day expeditions were planned. The whole village used to turn out to see us start: I on my *_jamugas_*, with my host leading the donkey, Rosario on another donkey or a mule led by her son, seated on the top of the *_serón_* (panniers) containing our food for the day and my tools and photographic apparatus; for (although this is somewhat off the point) the primary object of my mountain expeditions is archæological, and I am always on the look out for ruined castles or other interesting remains worth digging in. This makes one’s luggage rather heavy, but it is a solid satisfaction to pretend that one’s pleasure trips are undertaken in the cause of science.

One of our jaunts from Algodonales was to Zahara, the strong fortress of which I have already made mention. My host’s name was Salvador Malo (Wicked Saviour!), and he loved to be told that although wicked by name he was not so by nature. I pressed this brilliant *_jeu de mots_* on him at Zahara, where he pulled me up to the very top of the ruined castle by main force. It seems to have been destroyed by an earthquake, the masses of fallen masonry are so split up and tumbled about. The Christians are said to have surrendered Zahara through lack of water during the Granada war, and one can well believe it, for they never seemed to have grasped the necessity of keeping up the admirable Arabic systems either of storing water or irrigation; and once they let the great subterranean *_aljibes_* [7] get into disrepair, the garrison of Zahara must have been at the mercy of the enemy, since the only springs are outside the old town walls, two or three hundred feet below the fortress.

The view from the crumbling towers is superb, and the little town climbing up the precipitous hill is full of interesting remains, the most important of which is perhaps a square yard of red silk of Arabic manufacture called *_tafetán_*, with the remains of some Arabic characters in white. This was the banner of the Moslems, surrendered after the fall of Granada to Ferdinand and Isabella. It is now regarded as a religious relic, and is carried once a year in procession through the streets after the image of the patron saint of Zahara. I must not forget to mention that the only access to Zahara, with its 1700 inhabitants, is a bridle-path. Very neat woodwork in walnut is done here, as also at Algodonales, but the Zahara style is more distinctly Arabic, and I saw some brackets and a spice box carved with “stalactite” ornamentation which might have come out of a mosque. They had been made by the village

carpenter as a wedding gift to his wife.

Longer trips were planned for me, always to places inaccessible to wheeled vehicles, such as Grazalema, perched under the shadow of San Cristóbal, the highest peak in the Sierra de Ronda. Here admirable cloth is still woven by hand, and fetches a good price in all the country round, for it has the reputation of being indestructible. The once flourishing town has now dwindled to a village, and many of its fine houses are in ruins.

Most of my stay at Algodonales was, however, spent in the immediate neighbourhood, which is so richly wooded and so well watered as to present a most picturesque contrast to the grim mountain, which the natives say towers 700 metres above the village. I do not think it is as high as that—in fact, I should guess that the frowning cliff which springs straight up from the level of my pigsty into the blue sky above, does not really measure from the pigsty to the top more than 400 or 500 feet. But the villagers think they ought to know, for on that barren crag are perched three iron crosses, and every year the young men and maidens toil up a path which seems fit only for goats, in the performance of the religious exercise known as the Way of the Cross. The older people and the children are excused, for only active youth can safely surmount that stony way, and for them there is a humble altar set up half-way, whereat they worship while the priest says a Mass for the safe return of the adventurous pilgrims.

The street leading to this mountain path is called Calvary, and the whole ceremony is a survival of bygone days, when the Passion Play took place in every mountain town, with living actors instead of the images now carried in procession, and every penitent must walk on his bare and bleeding feet along the Way of the Cross before he could hope to be shriven of his sins.

BRIGHT ISLANDS

BY FRANK RILEY

*_The future enters into us, in order
to transform itself in us, long before
it happens._*--RAINER MARIA RILKE

[Transcriber's Note: This etext was produced from
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Extensive research did not uncover any evidence that
the U.S. copyright on this publication was renewed.]

When the two Geno-Doctors were gone, Miryam took the red capsule from under the base of the bedlamp and slipped it between her dry lips.

Reason told her to swallow the capsule quickly, but instead she held it

under her tongue, clinging, against her will, to the last few moments of life.

She knew she was being weak, that she was still seeking hope where there was no hope, and she prayed to the ancient God of the Ghetto that the gelatin coating would dissolve quickly.

Pain interrupted the prayer, spreading like slow fire from deep within her young body, where the unwanted child of Genetics Center stirred so restlessly, so impatient to be born.

The white walls of her Center room blurred in and out of focus. Shadows merged together in brief, uncertain patterns. Lights flickered where there were no lights, and the darkness was so intense it had a glare of its own.

At the worst of the pain cycle, Miryam bit down on her under lip until the flesh showed as white as her teeth. She fought off temptation to crunch the capsule and put an end to all pain, all fear.

No, she would not go that way. She would go in a moment of blinding clarity, knowing why, savoring the last bitter sweet second of her triumph.

With a subconscious gesture of femininity, Miryam brushed the dark, damp hair from her forehead, and wiped the perspiration from her lips.

"Pretty little thing," one of the Geno-Service agents had called her, when she was arrested last fall in the Warsaw suburb where she had taught nursery school since escaping from the Ghetto.

"Doesn't look a bit like one of her kind," another agent had said, putting his hand under her chin and turning her face to the glare of his flashlight. "No wonder she fooled the Psycho and Chemico squads... Lucky for us!"

"What's the matter, little one?" the first agent had spoken again. "Didn't you know we were coming? I thought all of you people were supposed to be telepaths.... Or doesn't it work when you're asleep?"

He flipped the covers off her trembling body and whistled.

"Hands off!" the Geno-Sergeant had warned sharply. "She's for Center!"

Now the capsule under her tongue was moist and soft. Time fled on swift, fluttering wings. Soon the horror would be done.

But the stubborn spark still glowed, and Miryam allowed her mind to drift down the long, shining corridor to the room where the younger of the two Geno-Doctors was changing into a white coat. The older man, who wore the gold trefoil of Geno-Sar on his collar, tilted back in his chair.

"She should be just about due," he said cheerfully.

"Yes, Sir," replied the young doctor, sounding the proper note of deference for a man who communed daily with the political elite.

"What do you think of her?"

"Well, Sir, frankly--I was surprised--" The young doctor twisted muscular arms to button the back of his jacket. He had but recently come from the Genetics Sanitarium on the Black Sea, and his face was tanned deep brown. "From reading the weekly reports of your staff, I didn't know she was that--that young--"

Miryam trembled with a hope she dared not recognize, but it was crushed out of her by the Geno-Sar's booming voice.

"Not only one of the youngest--but one of the very best specimens we've had to work with at Center! You read her psi rating?"

"Yes, Sir. Seventy-two point four, wasn't it?"

"Seventy-two point six! Absolutely phenomenal! Closest thing to a pure telepath our agents have ever turned up for us! This could be a big night for Center, my boy.... A big night!"

The young doctor shook his head to clear away the lingering image of a tragic, lovely face against a tear-stained pillow. Miryam was startled to find this image in his mind, and her pulse leaped again.

In a carefully professional tone, the young doctor asked:

"What was her rating after insemination? Did the emotional shock...?"

"Not at all! Oh, naturally, she was uncooperative in the tests, but pentathol and our cross-references gave us a true picture!"

"And the spermatozoa?"

"Best we could get! Refrigerated about thirty years ago from a specimen that tested forty-seven point eight."

The Geno-Sar paused, and because a comment was obviously in order, the young doctor said:

"This certainly could be a big night for Center!"

The Geno-Sar snapped his cigarette lighter with an expansive flourish.

"All the sciences have been taking a crack at psi--ever since the last Politbureau directive gave it number one priority. You should have heard the talk at Sar-Bureau meeting this afternoon! The Math-Sar actually laughed at Genetics ... told us to stick to our white mice!"

The young doctor made a polite cluck of disapproval.

"Those stupid mathematicians could learn something of heredity from their own ancients," the Geno-Sar continued, growing heated. "Think of Liebnitz, gifted at 14--Galois, a genius before he was 21!"

The Geno-Sar recovered his temper, and winked.

"Of course, I didn't say that at the meeting--the Bureau chief is very partial to Math--but I did remind them, most pointedly, of the known data on inherited sensory differences between individuals. And you should have seen the squirming! Especially when I got into the taste studies and the phenyl-thio-carbamide tests! Then, when I told of Genetics research on sense of time--sense of direction--sensitivity to pain, sound and smells--Well, the Chief was hanging on my every word! The Psycho-Sar became desperate to the point of rashness, and he jibed at me about our ancient master, Profim Lysenko." The Geno-Sar's head inclined slightly as he pronounced the name. "But the Chief himself gave the correct answer! He quoted from a Bureau directive which stated clearly that sensory characteristics, like any others, could well have been acquired in the first place, and then passed on through heredity! Oh, I tell you, it was a heart-warming afternoon!"

The younger man had been paying him only half attention.

"It's strange we should find some cases of psi among her people," he mused. "When I was at the University I always meant to study something about the--" he hesitated and searched for the approved term, "--the specimen races, but I never had time...."

For an instant the Geno-Sar's steel-blue eyes narrowed, and Miryam was shocked to find him appraising the young man for possible heresy. She had always regarded the scientific mind as something remote, cold, but never as something that could commit a heresy.

However, the Geno-Sar decided to table the subject.

"Of course you didn't!" he boomed. "You couldn't have made such a splendid record without total specialization! Each to his own, that's how science has prospered under the benevolence of our party!" He glanced up at the clock. "Well, aren't we just about ready for this delivery?"

* * * * *

Miryam drew back her mind. What a fool she was to go on seeking!

The child resumed its inexorable turning within her swollen body, and she knew she could never give to the world a life conceived so terribly, so coldly, without love or passion or tenderness.

Even in these final moments, with the gelatin melting under her tongue, Miryam shuddered with the remembered anguish of struggling up from the

depths of anaesthesia to find herself bearing the seed of a child, from a faceless man who had died long ago.

Often, during the carefully guarded months of pregnancy, she had wondered about that man, who he had been, how his talent had compared with hers.

Miryam knew little about genetics, or any other science. The scientific mind had always frightened her, and she had feared to explore it. But she knew there was no truth to the folklore that psi was a characteristic of her people. She knew of only a few cases outside her own family, although within her family it seemed to have been a characteristic that had recurred frequently for many generations. Her father had cautioned her about selecting a husband, and pleaded with her not to flee the Ghetto.

For the past three days, since the nurse had momentarily left the cabinet at the end of the corridor unlocked and unguarded, Miryam had known that she need not be concerned about the success or failure of this terrible experiment. From the nurse's mind she had plucked the essential facts about the potency of the red capsule. This knowledge, for all its loneliness, had been something to cherish, to press to her full breasts, as she would never hold that child of horror.

Tears filled her eyes, squeezed in droplets between the closed lids. Tears because she was so alone. Tears of unbearable sadness and pity, for her people, for her youth and her young body, for the warmth that would be eternally cold, for the unnatural child that squirmed and turned, and would never cry.

In a last forlorn gesture, in a final seeking before the darkness closed, Miryam let her mind stray out of the white room, out of the marble magnificence of Center. She let her thoughts escape on the soft breeze of the early summer evening.

How beautiful it was, even here in the city, amid the science buildings that formed bright islands of light around the minarets and vaulted domes of Government Square.

Even these awesome buildings were lovely in the purple dusk. Their windows were like scattered emeralds of light.

How could there be so much beauty without compassion? So much knowledge without understanding? So much human genius without humanity?

And what a battering of thoughts in the mild air around the centers of science! What a discordance! What a tumult of theories, each of them nurtured within its own walls by the zealous Sars.

There were the Departments of Chemistry and Physics. There was the glass-walled tower of Astronomy! There was the Institute of Psychology, with all its many bureaus. And the new Electronics Building, alabaster even in the dusk.

They were all there, extending in stately splendor along the main avenues, and along the park, where the gossamer mist was rising.

How intolerant were the thoughts they radiated! How sure!

Electronics said: "Quite obviously the answer to psi is in the electrical currents of the brain. Our newest electro-encephalograph has demonstrated...."

Chemistry said: "Solution to psi inevitably will be found in the chemical balance of the cells...."

Parapsychology said: "We must continue to ignore those who insist upon attributing physical properties to a non-physical characteristic...."

And underneath this learned babble, Miryam heard the moth-like whispering of her own people, starving in the Ghetto, or hidden throughout the city, disguised, furtive, tense.

Her mind came close to Government Square, and she cringed, as she had cringed all her young life. The somatics were unbearable. Hatred and fear, blind prejudice, jealousy, cunning, ceaseless intrigue and plotting, setting Sar against Sar, using the genius of each science, dividing and ruling.

No, there was nothing left. No hope, no promise. This was the end of time. This was the night of the world.

Withdrawing again, retreating into itself, Miryam's mind brushed the fragment of a thought. It was a half-formed thought, more a groping, more a question, than an idea. It was delicate, fragile, a wraith and a wisp. But it came to her as clear as the note from a silver bell.

Startled, she hesitated in her withdrawal, and perceived the young Geno-Doctor in the corridor near her room. He had paused by the casement window, and was staring out at the twinkling islands of light around Government Square.

And as his gaze wandered moodily from Tech, to Psycho, to Chemico, to all the incandescent, isolated centers of genius, the idle speculation had formed.

"Wouldn't it be an unusual view if all those bright islands were connected by strings of light...?"

Once formed, the speculation had fanned the ember of a thought:

"Wonder if psi will build those strings of lights?"

Then the young doctor turned almost guiltily from the window to meet the Geno-Sar coming down the corridor. And he said with crisp efficiency,

"I'll check out 12-A for delivery."

"Good boy! I'll go on up and check the staff...." The Geno-Sar rubbed his hands together, and walked off, repeating nervously, "Two psi characteristics must be the answer--two psi--"

"Maybe they are," the young doctor murmured softly. "Maybe they are...."

* * * * *

Delivery, Miryam thought. The life within her throbbed and prodded. There was an ebbing of pain for a moment, and in that moment she saw with the blinding clarity she had sought that this child of hers might bring new hope to the world. That psi ability might be the answer to many things for the race of mankind. What did it matter that it was conceived without love and emotion. What did it matter that she was being used as an experiment ... if this child within her could fulfill the promise.

Miryam spat the soft capsule between her quivering lips. She watched it roll and bounce across the polished tile floor, toward the door.

Pain returned, and its fire was warm. There were no shadows on the wall. Pain returned, and it had purpose and promise. Wonderingly, she beheld the concept that science, too, lived with fear, each science in its own Ghetto. And if the young doctor was right, if psi....

As the doctor stepped into the room, he bent over and picked up the red capsule. His thumb and forefinger felt the warmth, the moisture, and he looked long and thoughtfully into Miryam's dark, glowing eyes.

His fingers shook as he wrapped the capsule in a piece of tissue and dropped it into the pocket of his white jacket. He picked up the chart from the foot of the bed.

"Miryam--" His voice was not under complete control, and he began again, with an effort at lightness. "Miryam--that's a strange name. What does it mean?"

"It is an ancient spelling," she whispered, her eyes deep and dark, filled with pain and wonder. "You may find it easier to call me--Mary."

IN THE HARDT WALD

Project Gutenberg's *A Sheaf of Verses*, by Marguerite Radclyffe-Hall

A road disused these many years,
O'er which the grass has grown
Between two rows of silent pines,
That stretch in straight, unbroken lines
Away to plains unknown.

Long ruts that passing wagons made
In days whose records die
Form trenches for the frailer flowers,
That timid of more open bowers
Secure in hiding lie.

And in those deep impressions there,
Where patient beasts have trod,
With stems in dainty green array,
And faces turned to meet the day,
Grow sprays of golden-rod,

'Mid sunbeams slanting thro' the wood
The ardent Afternoon
Steals like a lover fond, and dumb,
Upon his mistress Earth, o'ercome
With many a tender boon;

And that she sooner shall respond
To his awakening fires,
He summons from each fairy glade
Wee winged things, to serenade
This nymph of his desires.

So full of mystic power and life
Is this forgotten place
That I may scarcely dare intrude
My presence and my lighter mood,
Lest stepping I deface

Some masterpiece of moss or bloom,
That Dryad hands have wrought,
Perchance my very humanness
May make this potent charm the less,
That solitude has taught.

I fear to tread upon a branch,
For if beneath my feet
It breaks 'twould thus affright the bird
Whose tender music I have heard
In yonder green retreat;

And who am I that I should dare

Gainsay the Noon's behest;
Or penetrate this peaceful sphere,
And bring an agony of fear
To some dumb creature's breast?

Within this forest night and day
An endless hymn of praise
From out the heart of Nature wells,
That once again perfection dwells
In her profanèd ways,

That living green conceals the scars
Made by relentless man,
While in the deepest sylvan glades
Sound faint and far thro' emerald shades
The crystal pipes of Pan.

YOU AND I.

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Hafiz in London*, by Hāfiz, 1th cent.,
Translated by Justin H. (Justin Huntly) McCarthy

Spare your censures, worthy friend, on my love of drinking;
Shut your senses, if you please, to the glasses clinking.

Only, while you rest with me, prithee keep your curses
For some other fellow's wine, other fellow's verses.

By what frenzy of reproof is your wisdom bitten?
Are the sins that I commit in your volume written?

If I run a tavern score, you don't pay the reckoning;
If the Lotus-maiden nods, not to you she's beckoning.

Who shall say behind the Veil which is good and evil?
Who shall say if you or I journey to the devil?

Very varied laws of life you and I are firm on;
Which of us, my friend, is text? which of us is sermon?

Every sober man or drunk seeks his soul's ideal;
In the tavern and the mosque love alike is real.

Paradise is fair indeed; but this side of heaven
There is joy in noonday sun, joy in shades of even.

Be not boastful of thy worth, for who knows when mounted
To the final judgment-seat how his sum is counted?

Sanctimonious folk like you, filled with moral phrases,

May be sent, to your surprise, packing off to blazes;

While poor rogues like us, who drink ere the vintage fail us,
May be plucked to Paradise from this very alehouse.

THE MEETING

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poems*, by Katherine Mansfield

We started speaking,
Looked at each other, then turned away.
The tears kept rising to my eyes
But I could not weep.
I wanted to take your hand
But my hand trembled.
You kept counting the days
Before we should meet again.
But both of us felt in our hearts
That we parted for ever and ever.
The ticking of the little clock filled the quiet room.
"Listen," I said. "It is so loud,
Like a horse galloping on a lonely road,
As loud as that--a horse galloping past in the night."
You shut me up in your arms.
But the sound of the clock stifled our hearts' beating.
You said, "I cannot go: all that is living of me
Is here for ever and ever."
Then you went.
The world changed. The sound of the clock grew fainter,
Dwindled away, became a minute thing.
I whispered in the darkness, "If it stops, I shall die."

1911.

SCANDAL

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Sun-Up and Other Poems*, by Lola Ridge

Aren't there bigger things to talk about
Than a window in Greenwich Village
And hyacinths sprouting
Like little puce poems out of a sick soul?
Some cosmic hearsay--
As to whom--it can't be Mars! put the moon--that way....
Or what winds do to canyons
Under the tall stars...
Or even
How that old roué, Neptune,
Cranes over his bald-head moons
At the twinkling heel of a sky-scraper.

COATS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *New Irish Comedies*, by Lady Augusta Gregory

Hazel EDITOR OF "CHAMPION"

Mineog EDITOR OF "TRIBUNE"

John A WAITER

Scene: Dining room of Royal Hotel Cloonmore.

Hazel: (Coming in.) Did Mr. Mineog come yet, John?

John: He did not, Mr. Hazel. Ah, he won't be long coming. It's seldom he does be late.

Hazel: Is the dinner ready?

John: It is, sir. Boiled beef and parsnips, the same as every Monday for all comers, and an apple pie for yourself and Mr. Mineog.

Mineog: (Coming in.) Mr. Hazel is the first tonight. I'm glad to see you looking so good.

(They take off coats and give to waiter.)

Mineog: Put that on its own peg.

Hazel: And mine on its own peg to the rear.

John: I will, sir.

(He drops coats in putting them up. Then notices broken pane in window and picks up the coats hurriedly, putting them on wrong pegs. Hazel and Mineog have sat down.)

Hazel: Have you any strange news?

Mineog: I have but the same news I always have, that it is quick Monday comes around, and that it is hard make provision for to fill up the four sheets of the _Tribune_, and nothing happening in these parts worth while. There would seem to be no news on this day beyond all days of the year.

Hazel: Sure there is the same care and the same burden on myself. I wish I didn't put a supplement to the _Champion_. The deer knows what way will I fill it between this and Thursday, or in what place I can go questing after news!

Mineog: Last week passed without anything doing. It is a very backward place to give information for two papers. If it was not for

the league is between us, and for us meeting here on every Monday to make sure we are taking different sides on every question may turn up, and giving every abuse to one another in print, there is no person would pay his penny for the two of them, or it may be for the one of them.

Hazel: That is so. And the worst is, there is no question ever rises that we do not agree on, or that would have power to make us fall out in earnest. It was different in my early time. The questions used to rise up then were worth fighting for.

Mineog: There are some people so cantankerous they will heat themselves in argument as to which side might be right or wrong in a war, or if wars should be in it at all, or hangings.

Hazel: Ah, when they are as long on the road as we are, they'll take things easy. _Mineog:_ Now all the kingdoms of the earth to go struggling on one wrong side or another, or to bring themselves down to dust and ashes, it would not break our friendship. In all the years past there never did a cross word rise between us.

Hazel: There never will. What are the fights of politics and parties beside living neighbourly with one another, and to go peaceable to the grave, our selves that are the oldest residents in the Square.

Mineog: It will be long indeed before you will be followed to the grave. You didn't live no length yet. You are too fresh to go out and to forsake your wife and your family.

Hazel: Ah, when the age would be getting up on you, you wouldn't be getting younger. But it's yourself that is as full of spirit as a four-year-old. I wish I had a sovereign for every year you will reign after me in the Square.

Mineog: (Sneezes.) _ There is a draught of air coming in the window.

Hazel: (Rising.) _ Take care might it be open--no, but a pane that is out. There is a very chilly breeze sweeping in.

Mineog: (Rising.) _ I will put on my coat so. There is no use giving provocation to a cold.

Hazel: I'll do the same myself. It is hard to banish a sore throat.

(They put on coats. John brings in dinner. They sit down.)

Mineog: See can you baffle that draught of air, John.

John: I'll go in search of something to stop it, sir. This bit of a board I brought is too unshapely.

Mineog: Two columns of the _Tribune_ as empty yet as anything you could see. I had them kept free for the Bishop's speech and he didn't come after.

Hazel: That's the same cause has left myself with so wide a gap.

Mineog: In the years past there used always to be something happening such as famines, or the invention of printing. The whole world has got very slack.

Hazel: You are a better hand than what I am at filling odd spaces would be left bare. It is often I think the news you put out comes partly from your own brain, and the prophecies you lay down about the weather and the crops.

Mineog: Ah, I might stick in a bit of invention sometimes, when I'm put to the pin of my collar.

Hazel: I might maybe make an attack on the _Tribune_ for that.

Mineog: Ah, what is it but a white sin. Sure it tells every person the same thing. It doesn't tell many lies, it goes somewhere a near it.

Hazel: I spent a good while this evening searching through the shelves of the press I have in the office. I write an article an odd time, when there is nothing doing, that might come handy in a hurry.

Mineog: So have I a press of the sort, and shelves in it. I am after going through them to-day.

Hazel: But it's hard find a thing would be suitable, unless you might dress it up again someway fresh.

Mineog: I made a thought and I searching a while ago. I was thinking it would be a very nice thing to show respect to yourself, and friendliness, putting down a short account of you and of all you have done for your family and for the town.

Hazel: That is a strange thing now! I had it in my mind to do the very same service to yourself.

Mineog: Is that so?

Hazel: Your worth and your generosity and the way you have worked the _Tribune_ for your own and for the public good.

Mineog: And another thing. I not only thought to write it but I am after writing it.

Hazel: (Suspiciously.) You had not much time for that.

Mineog: I never was one to spare myself in anything that could benefit a friend.

Hazel: Neither would I spare myself. I have my article wrote.

Mineog: I have a mind to read my own one to you, the way you will know there is nothing in it but what is friendly and is kind.

Hazel: I will do the same thing. There's nothing I have said in it but what you will like to be hearing.

Mineog: (Who has rummaged pockets.) I thought I put it in the inside pocket--no matter--here it is.

Hazel: (Rummaging.) Here is my one. I was thinking I had it lost.

Mineog: (Reading, after he has turned over a couple of sheets rapidly) "Born and bred in this Square, he took his chief pride in his native town."

Hazel: (Turning over two sheets.) "It was in this parish and district he spent the most part of his promising youth--Richly stored with world-wide knowledge."

Mineog: "Well able to give out an opinion on any matter at all."

Hazel: "To lay down his mind on paper it would be hard to beat him."

Mineog: "With all that, humble that he would halt and speak to you the same as a child----" I'm maybe putting it down a bit too simple, but the printer will give it a little shaping after.

Hazel: So will my own printer be lengthening out the words for me according to the type and the letters of the alphabet he will have plentiful and to spare.

Mineog: "Well looking and well thought of. A true Irishman in supporting all forms of sport."

Hazel: What's that? I never was one for betting on races or gaining prizes for riddles.

Mineog: It is strange now I have no recollection of putting that down. It is I myself in the days gone by would put an odd shilling on a horse.

Hazel: These typewriters would bother the world. Wait now--let me throw an eye on those papers you have in your hand.

Mineog: Not at all. I would sooner be giving it out to you myself.

Hazel: Of course it is very pleasing to be listening to so nice

an account--but lend it a minute.

(Puts out hand.)

Mineog: Bring me now a bottle of wine, John--you know the sort--till I'll drink to Mr. Hazel's good health.

John: I will, sir.

Hazel: No, but bring it at my own expense till I will drink to Mr. Mineog. Just give me a hold of that paper for one minute only.

Mineog: Keep patience now. I will go through it with no delay.

Hazel: (Making a snap.)_ Just for one minute.

Mineog: (Clapping his hand on it.)_ What a hurry you are in! Stop now till I'll find the place. "Very rarely indeed has been met with so fair and so neighbourly a man."

Hazel: Give me a look at it.

Mineog: What is it ails you? You are uneasy about something. What is it you are hiding from me?

Hazel: What would I have to hide but that the papers got mixed in some way, and you have in your hand what I wrote about yourself, and not what you wrote about myself?

Mineog: What way did they get into the wrong pocket now?

Hazel: (Putting MS. in his pocket.)_ Give me back my own and I will give you back your own.

Mineog: I don't know. You are putting it in my mind there might be something underhand. I would like to make sure what did you say about me in the heel. _(Turns over.)_ "He was honest and widely respected." _Was_ honest--are you saying me to be a rogue at this time?

Hazel: That's not fair dealing to be searching through it against my will.

Mineog: "He was trusted through the whole townland." _Was_ trusted--is it that you are making me out to be a thief?

Hazel: Well, follow your own road and take your own way.

Mineog: "----Mr. Mineog leaves no family to lament his loss, but along with the _Tribune_, which he fostered with the care of a father, we offer up prayers for the repose of his soul." _(Stands up.)_ It is a notice of my death you are after writing!

Hazel: You should understand that.

Mineog:, An obituary notice! Of myself! Is it that you expect me to quit the living world between this and Thursday?

Hazel: I had no thought of the kind.

Mineog:, I'm not stretched yet! What call have you to go offer prayers for me?

Hazel: I tell you I had it put by this long time till I would have occasion to use it.

Mineog:, Is it this long time, so, you have been waiting for my death?

Hazel: Not at all.

Mineog:, You to kill me to-day and to think to bury me to-morrow!

Hazel: Can't you listen? I was wanting something to fill space.

Mineog:, Would nothing serve you to fill space but only my own corpse? To go set my coffin making and to put nettles growing on my hearth! Wouldn't it be enough to rob my house or to make an attack upon my means? Wouldn't that fill up the gap?

Hazel: Let you not twist it that way!

Mineog:, The time I was in the face of my little dinner to go startle me with a thing of the sort! I'm not worth the ground I stand on! For the _Champion_ of next Thursday! I to be dead ere Thursday!

Hazel: I looked for no such thing.

Mineog:, What is it makes you say me to be done and dying? Am I reduced in the face?

Hazel: You are not.

Mineog:, Am I yellow and pale and shrunken?

Hazel: Why would you be?

Mineog:, Would you say me to be crampy in the body? Am I staggers in the legs?

Hazel: I see no such signs.

Mineog:, Is it in my hand you see them? Is it lame or is it freezed-brittle like ice?

Hazel: It is as warm and as good as my own.

Mineog: Let me take a hold of you till you will tell me has it the feel of a dead man's grip.

Hazel: I know that it has not.

Mineog: Is it shaking like a bunch of timber shavings?

Hazel: Not at all, not at all.

Mineog: It should be my hearing that is failing from me, or that I am crippled and have lost my walk.

Hazel: You are roaring and bawling without sense.

Mineog: Let the _Champion_ go to flitters before I will die to please it! I will not give in to it driving me out of the world before my hour is spent! It would hardly ask that of a man would be of no use and no account, or even of a beast of any consequence.

Hazel: Who is asking you to die?

Mineog: Giving no time hardly for the priest to overtake me and to give me the rites of the Church!

Hazel: I tell you there is no danger of you giving up at all! Every person knows there must some sickness come before death. Some take it from a neighbour and it is put on others by God.

Mineog: Even so, it's hard say.

Hazel: You have not a ha'p'orth on you. No complaint in the world wide.

Mineog: That's nothing! Sickness comes upon some as sudden as to clap their hands.

Hazel: What are you talking about? You are thinking us to be in the days of the cholera yet!

Mineog: There are yet other diseases besides that.

Hazel: You put the measles over you and we going the road to school.

Mineog: There is more than measles has power bring a man down.

Hazel: You had the chin-cough passed and you rising. We were cut at the one time for the pock.

Mineog: A disease to be allotted to you it would find you out, and you maybe up twenty mile in the air!

Hazel: Ah, what disease could have you swept in the course of the next two days?

Mineog: That is what I'm after saying--unless you might have murder in your mind?

Hazel: Ah, what murder!

Mineog: What way are you thinking to do away with me? To shoot me with the trigger of a gun and to give me shortening of life?

Hazel: The trigger of a gun! God bless it, I never fingered such a thing in the length of my life!

Mineog: To take aim at me and destroy me; to shoot me in forty halves like a crow in the time of the wheat!

Hazel: Oh, now, don't say a thing like that!

Mineog: Or to drown me maybe in the river, enticing me across the rotten plank of the bridge. _(Seizing bottle.)_ Will you tell me on the virtue of your oath, is death lurking in that sherry wine?

Hazel: (Pulling out paper.)_ Ah, God bless your jig! And how would I know is it a notice of my own death has come into my hand in the pocket of this coat I put on me through a mistake?

Mineog: Give it here. That's my property!

Hazel: (Reading.)_ "We sympathise with Mrs. Hazel and the family." There is proof now. Is it that you would go grieving with my wife and I to be living yet?

Mineog: I didn't follow you out beyond this world with craving for the repose of your soul. It is nothing at all beside what you wrote.

Hazel: Oh, I bear no grudge at all against you. I am not huffy and crabbed like yourself to go taking offence. Sure Kings and big people of the sort are used to see their dead-notices made ready from the hour of their birth out. And it is not anything printed on papers or any flight of words on the _Tribune_ could give me any concern at all. See now will I be put out. _(Reads.)_ What now is this? "Mr. Hazel was of good race, having in him the old stock of the country, the Mahons, the O'Hagans, the Casserlys----." Where now did you get that? I never heard before, a Casserly to be in my fathers.

Mineog: It might be on the side of the mother.

Hazel: It was not. My mother was a girl of the Hessians that was born in the year of the French. My grandmother was Winefred Kane.

Mineog: What is being out in one name towards drawing down the forecast of all classes of deaths upon myself?

Hazel: There are twenty thousand things you might lay down and I would give them no leave to annoy me. But I have no mind any strange family to be mixed through me, but to go my own road and to carry my own character.

Mineog: I would say you to be very crabbed to be making much of a small little mistake of the sort.

Hazel: I will not have blood put in my veins that never rose up in them by birth. You to have put a slur maybe on the whole of my posterity for ever. That now is a thing out of measure.

Mineog: It might be the Casserlys are as fair as the Hessians, and as well looking and as well reared.

Hazel: There's no one can know that. What place owns them? My tribe didn't come inside the province. Every generation was born and bred in this or in some neighbouring townland.

Mineog: Sure you will be but yourself whatever family may be laying claim to you.

Hazel: Any person of the Casserlys to have done a wrong deed at any time, the neighbours would be watching and probing my own brood till they would see might the track of it break out in any way. It ran through our race to be hard tempered, from the Kanes that are very hot.

Mineog: Why would the family of the Casserlys go doing wrong deeds more than another?

Hazel: I would never forgive it, if it was the highest man in Connacht said it.

Mineog: I tell you there to be any flaw in them, it would have worked itself out in yourself ere this.

Hazel: Putting on me the weight of a family I never knew or never heard the name of at all. It is that is killing me entirely.

Mineog: Neither did I ever hear their name or if they ever lived in the world, or did any deed good or bad in it at all.

Hazel: What made you drag them hither for to write them in my genealogies so?

Mineog: I did not drag them hither----Give me that paper.
(Takes MS. and looks at it.) What would it be but a misprint? Hessian, Casserly. There does be great resemblance in the sound of a

double S.

Hazel: Whether or no, you have a great wrong done me! The person I had most dependence on to be the most person to annoy me! If it was a man from the County Mayo I wouldn't see him treated that way!

Mineog: Have sense now! What would signify anything might be wrote about you, and the green scraws being over your head?

Hazel: That's the worst! I give you my oath I would not go miching from death or be in terror of the sharpness of his bones, and he coming as at the Flood to sweep the living world along with me, and leave no man on earth having penmanship to handle my deeds, or to put his own skin on my story!

Mineog: Ah it's likely the both of us will be forgotten and our names along with us, and we out in the meadow of the dead.

Hazel: I will not be forgotten! I have posterity will put a good slab over me. Not like some would be left without a monument, unless it might be the rags of a cast waistcoat would be put on sticks in a barley garden, to go flapping at the thieves of the air.

Mineog: Let the birds or the neighbours go screech after me and welcome, and I not in it to hear or to be annoyed.

Hazel: Why wouldn't we hear? I'm in dread it's too much I'll hear, and you yourself sending such news to travel abroad, that there is blood in me I concealed through my lifetime!

Mineog: What you are saying now has not the sense of reason.

Hazel: Tom Mineog to say that of me, that was my trusty comrade and my friend, what at all will strangers be putting out about me?

Mineog: Ah, what call have you to go lamenting as if you had lost all on this side of the sea!

Hazel: You to have brought that annoyance on me, what would enemies be saying of me? That it was in my breed to be cracked or to have a thorn in the tongue. There's a generation of families would be great with you, and behind you they would be backbiting you.

Mineog: They will not. You are of a family doesn't know how to say a wrong word.

Hazel: A rabbit mushroom they might say me to be, with no memory behind or around me!

Mineog: Not at all. The world knows you to be civil and brought up to mannerly ways.

Hazel: They might say me to have been a foreigner or a Jew man!

Mineog: I can bear witness you have no such yellow look. And Hazel is a natural name.

Hazel: It's likely they'll say I was a sheep-stealer or a tinker that went foraging around after food!

Mineog: You that never put your hand on a rabbit burrow or stood before a magistrate or a judge!

Hazel: They'll put me down as a grabber that was ready to quench a widow's fire!

Mineog: Oh, where are you running to at all my dear man!

Hazel: And I not to be able at that time to rise up and to get satisfaction! I to be wandering as a shadow and to see some schemer spilling out his lies! That would be the most grief in death! I to hit him a blow of my fist and he maybe not to feel it or to think it to be but a breeze of wind!

Mineog: You are going too far entirely!

Hazel: I to give out a strong curse on him and on his posterity and his land. It would kill my heart if he would take it to be no human voice, but some vanity like the hissing of geese!

Mineog: I myself would recognise your voice, and you to be living or dead.

Hazel: You say that now. But my ghost to come calling to you in the night time to rise up and to clear my character, you would run shivering to the priest as from some unnatural thing. You would call to him to come banish me with a Mass!

Mineog: The Lord be between us and harm.

Hazel: To have no power of revenge after death! My strength to go nourish weeds and grass! A lie to be told and I living I could go lay my case before the courts. So I will too! I'll silence you! I'll learn you to have done with misspellings and with death notices! I'll hinder you bringing in Casserlys! I go take advice from the lawyer! _(Goes towards door.)_

Mineog: I'll go lay down my own case and the way that you have my life threatened!

Hazel: I'll get justice and a hearing. The Judge will give in to my say!

Mineog: I that will put you under bail! I'll bind you over to quit prophesying!

Hazel: I'll break the bail of the sun and moon before I'll give you leave to go brand me with strange names the same as you would tarbrand a sheep! I'll put yourself and your _Tribune_ under the law of libel!

Mineog: I'll make a world's wonder of you! I'll give plenty and enough to the _Champion_ to fill out its windy pages that time!

Hazel: (At door.) I will lay my information before you will overtake me!

Mineog: (Seizing him.) I will lay my information against you for theft and you bringing away my coat!

Hazel: I have no intention of bringing it away!

Mineog: Is it that you will deny it? Don't I know that spot of grease on the sleeve?

Hazel: Did I never carve a goose? Why wouldn't there be a spot of grease on my own sleeve?

Mineog: Strip it off of you this minute!

Hazel: Give me back my own coat, so!

Mineog: What are you talking about! That's a great wonder now. So it is not my own coat.

Hazel: Strip it off before you will quit the room!

Mineog: I'll be well pleased casting it off!

Hazel: You will not cast it on the dust and the dirt of the floor!
(Helps him.) Go easy now.----That's it----

(Takes it off gently and places it on chair.)

Mineog: Give me now my own coat!

Hazel: (Struggling with it.) It fails me to get it off.

Mineog: What way did you get it on?

Hazel: It is that it is made too narrow.

Mineog: No, but yourself that has too much bulk.

Hazel: (Struggling.) There now is a tear!

Mineog: (Taking his arm.) Mind now, you'll have it destroyed.

Hazel: Give me a hand, so.

Mineog: (Helping him gently.) Have a care--it's a bit tender in the seams----give me here your hand--it is caught in the rip of the lining.

John: (Coming in, puts pie on table.) Wait now, sir, till I'll aid you to handle Mr. Hazel's coat.

(Whips off coat, takes up other coat, hangs both on pegs.)

The apple pie, Sir.

_(Hazel sits down, gasping and wiping his face.
Mineog turns his back.)_

John: Is there anything after happening, Mr. Hazel?

Hazel: There is not--unless some sort of a battle.

John: Ah, what signifies? There to be more of battles in the world there would be less of wars.

(He pushes Mineog's chair to table.)

Hazel: (After a pause.) Apple pie?

Mineog: (Sitting down.) Indeed, I am not any way inclined for eating.

(Takes plate. John stuffs a cushion into window pane and picks up MSS.)

John: Are these belonging to you, Mr. Mineog?

Mineog: Let you throw them on the coals of the fire, where we have no use for them presently.

Hazel: (Stopping John and taking them.) Thursday is very near at hand. Two empty columns is a large space to go fill.

Mineog: Indeed I am feeling no way fit to go writing columns.

Hazel: (Putting his MS. in his pocket.) There is nothing ails them only to begin a good way after the start, and to stop before the finish.

Mineog: (Putting his MS. in his pocket.) We'll do that. We can put such part of them as we do not need at this time back in the shelf of the press.

Hazel: (Filling glasses and lifting his.) That it may be long before they will be needed!

Mineog: (Lifting glass.) That they may _never_ be needed!

Curtain

ROBERT FULTON[8]

(1765-1815)

[Footnote 8: Copyright, 1864, by Selmar Hess.]

By OLIVER OPTIC

Project Gutenberg's *Great Men and Famous Women. Vol. 6 of 8*, by Various

Very few inventors have achieved success in giving to the world new or improved methods of carrying on the business of life without long and hard study, repeated experiments and failures, and trying struggles with opposing elements. Many have labored through long years of poverty and obscurity to dazzle their fellow-beings in the end by the triumph of genius. The idea of an inventor has almost become coupled with that of anxiety, patient or impatient waiting, trials, and hardships. They are usually enthusiasts in the special pursuit to which they devote themselves, and the coldness and incredulity of those whose approval they seek to win, wear heavily upon them. The chilling common-sense of men more practical than themselves overwhelms them.

If the wonderful improvements of the present and the past age could be placed in comparison with the attempts, the struggles, to accomplish what has now been achieved, the list of failures would far outnumber that of successes. Many of those who have rendered priceless blessings to their own and after generations by the production of wonderful machines or methods from the fine fibre of their brains, were plundered and buffeted, even in the midst of their grand successes, to such a degree that it requires a lofty comprehension to determine whether their lives were triumphs or defeats. Sometimes the failure of one generation becomes the success of the next.

Born the same year that gave Robert Fulton to the world was Eli Whitney, who really made "cotton king," so that the great staple of the South yielded millions upon millions of dollars to the planters; but he might have died a beggar, so far as his marvellous invention affected his fortunes. Before he had fully completed his machine for separating the seeds from the cotton, which only two persons had been permitted to see, his workshop was broken open, and it was stolen. His idea was incorporated in other machines before he had obtained his patent, though it was only his own that transmuted cotton into gold. False reports, the repudiation of contracts for royalties fairly made, the refusal of Congress, through Southern influence, to renew his patent, constant litigation to protect his rights, harassed his life, and robbed him of the pecuniary results of his success. Defeated, he gave up the battle, devoted his

attention to the manufacture of firearms, and finally made a fortune in this business. Fulton's experience was not very different.

On the other hand, important discoveries in methods and mechanical appliances have been made by accident, as it were, and fortunes accrued from very little labor or study; but these are the exceptions rather than the rule.

It would be difficult to estimate the influence upon the prosperity of the United States of steam-navigation. It came but a few years after the organization of the Federal Government, when the greater portion of the territorial extent of the country was a wilderness, and preceded the general use of railroads by a quarter of a century. Transportation on the inland waters of the nation was slow, difficult, and expensive, and the introduction of the steamboat upon its great lakes and rivers, notably upon the latter, was a new era in its history. On the great streams of the West flatboats floated for weeks, laden with the productions of the States, on their way to a market, where days or hours are sufficient at the present time. Between the metropolis of the nation and the capital of New York, the sloops, which were the only means of communication by water, required an average of four days to make the trip of about one hundred and fifty miles, while to-day it is accomplished in half a day or less.

Now all the navigable rivers of the country are alive with steamboats, and the growth and development of the States have been mainly indebted to the introduction of steam navigation. On the great lakes, though more available for transportation by means of sailing vessels, the same powerful agency has achieved wonders, and all of them are now covered by lines of steamers, by which, either as tow-boats or independent vessels, a large proportion of the inland commerce of the nation is carried on. On the ocean the result of the introduction of steam-navigation is even more impressive, and nations separated by thousands of miles of rolling billows now join hands, as it were, with hearts commercially united, if not more intimately, through the medium of peace-giving commerce, of which thousands of gigantic steamers are the angel-messengers. On the Atlantic a score or more of them leave the one side for the other every week, and at the present time a merchant may breakfast in New York on Saturday, and dine in London the next Saturday.

It is now conceded, both in Europe and America, that the world is indebted to Robert Fulton for the practical application of steam to the purposes of navigation. Whatever has been claimed for or by others in regard to the priority of the invention or application of the mighty power of steam to the propulsion of vessels, Fulton was "the first to apply it with any degree of practical success," as an English work states it. As one who labored for years over the idea which came from his own brain, though it also came to others, who wellnigh sacrificed his own life in its improvement, and who achieved the crowning glory of its utility, he is certainly entitled to be regarded and honored as the Father of Steam-Navigation.

Robert Fulton was born in a small village near Lancaster, in the State of Pennsylvania, in the year 1765. He was the son of a poor man of Scotch-Irish descent, who died when his son was only three years old. He obtained only a common-school education, which he afterward increased by his own efforts. He early manifested a taste for, and considerable skill in, drawing and painting, and he selected this art as his profession, though he was more inclined to mechanical occupations, and spent his leisure hours in the shops of the workmen in his vicinity. He was somewhat precocious in his development, and at the age of seventeen he established himself as a portrait painter. He could hardly have attained to any high standard in art, though it appears that he had considerable success in his occupation, for at the age of twenty-one he had purchased a small farm in the western part of the State, where he placed his mother, indicating that he had a proper filial regard for the welfare of his remaining parent. It was evident from this success that he had decided talent and that it attracted the attention of others.

He was advised to visit England and place himself under the tuition of Benjamin West, the eminent American painter, who had achieved distinguished success in art. He followed this advice, was kindly received by the great artist, and remained as an inmate of his home for some years. In the palaces and mansions of the British nobility were treasured up many of the most noted pictures of the day and of the past. In order to see, study, and copy these, Fulton procured letters of introduction which gave him admission to these paintings. He resided for some time in the stately mansions of the Duke of Bridgewater and Earl Stanhope. Both of these peers were largely interested in making internal improvements in England, especially in promoting inland navigation by canals.

The duke was the possessor of immense wealth, and he had invested largely in companies connected with the canal system. Through him Fulton became interested in the same subject, and his mechanical tastes and talent drew him in that direction. The result was that he abandoned his easel and became a civil engineer, a profession hardly known by that name in the early part of this century. Earl Stanhope was also of a mechanical turn of mind, and had projected some important enterprises. At that time he was engaged upon a scheme which afterward filled up so much of the existence of Fulton--the application of steam to navigation.

The earl had devised a method of accomplishing the result, and had caused a small craft to be built which was to be propelled by a series of floats, by some compared to the paddles of a canoe, and by others to the feet of water-fowls. He described his plan to Fulton, who did not regard it as practicable, and stated plainly the reasons for his belief. The earl clung to his idea, highly as he appreciated the talents of the critic. The inventor resided at Birmingham about two years, and was employed in a subordinate capacity at his newly adopted profession for the greater portion of the time. In this city he made the acquaintance of Watt, who had developed the steam-engine

from a mere pumping-machine to something near what it is at the present time.

Fulton's inventive genius was exercised during his residence at Birmingham, and he devised an improvement of the machine for sawing marble, from which he reaped both honor and profit. He produced a machine for spinning flax, and for the manufacture of ropes, and also one for excavating canals or river bottoms, for which purpose many such are now in use. As an author he wrote a work on canals, and published a treatise on the same subject in a London paper. He had a plan for the use of inclined planes in changing the level of the water for boats on canals, in place of locks, after the manner of the Chinese, claiming that greater elevations could be overcome in this manner; but it was never adopted.

In 1797 Fulton went to Paris, where he resided seven years, as the terrors of the French Revolution were passing away. At this period he had invented what is now called a torpedo, largely used in modern warfare for the protection of harbors. He devised a submarine boat to operate these destructive weapons, which was not a success. He demonstrated what he claimed for the torpedo in the destruction of a brig of two hundred tons; but he failed to procure the adoption of this more modern engine of warfare by either France or England, and he had the honor to be snubbed by Napoleon I. In 1806 he returned to New York, where he labored for the recognition and introduction of the torpedo. He was encouraged by Jefferson and Madison, and Congress appropriated money for experiments; but the naval officers reported against him, and nothing came of his efforts.

In Paris he had made the acquaintance of Chancellor Livingston, then the American minister to France, who was interested in Fulton's work, and who soon entered into business relations with him in connection with it. He was a man of abundant fortune, while the inventor was comparatively poor; occupied an elevated social position, and was a person of great influence. He obtained a grant of the monopoly of steam-navigation from the State of New York. Fulton took out two patents for his invention; but unfortunately they were not adequate to his protection, for they covered only the application of the steam-engine to the turning of a crank in producing the rotary motion of the paddle-wheels.

While in England Fulton had contracted with Watt for the building of such an engine as he desired, without stating the purpose for which it was to be used. This engine reached New York at about the same time as the inventor. He made his plans for the construction of the boat, which was to be of different form and proportions from ordinary vessels, and it was completed and fitted out with its engine during the year following his return. Not long before this event, when he found the sum of money Mr. Livingston had provided to complete the steamboat was nearly exhausted, Fulton attempted to sell an interest in his exclusive grant in order to raise funds to supply the deficiency; but so little faith existed in the success of his enterprise that he could find no one who had the courage to

purchase it. But the vessel was finished, and a trial trip was made in her, to which gentlemen of science and general intelligence were invited, most of them, like the rest of the world, sceptics and unbelievers. A few minutes served to satisfy these men that the steamboat was a success, and that the problem of steam-navigation had been solved in its favor. It was the hour of Fulton's triumph.

The strange craft, to which the name of Clermont had been given, soon made a trip to Albany, accomplishing the distance in thirty-two hours, or one-third of the average time of the sloops, and making the return in thirty. Doubters and cavillers were silenced, and regular trips were made till the ice closed the river for the season. During the winter the Clermont was lengthened to one hundred and forty feet, improved in many respects, gaudily painted, and looked upon as a "floating palace." Another steamboat, called the Car of Neptune, was built, and soon a contract for five more was placed. The practical triumph had been achieved, and from that small beginning has come forth the mighty steam-marine of the present time.

Fulton was married to Miss Harriet Livingston, a niece of the Chancellor, and was the father of four children. His business affairs were in anything but a prosperous condition. The State of New Jersey contested his monopoly, which proved to have been unconstitutionally granted. Fitch, or his successors, who had made some successes in the same line, endeavored to supplant him, and his patents were worthless. He was embarrassed by constant litigation, and his last years were full of trials and anxiety. He died February 24, 1815, at the age of fifty.

MR. DOOLEY ON REFORM CANDIDATES

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE

"That frind iv ye'ers, Dugan, is an intilligent man," said Mr. Dooley. "All he needs is an index an' a few illusthrations to make him a bicyclopedia iv useless information."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, judiciously, "he ain't no Soc-rates an' he ain't no answers-to-questions colum; but he's a good man that goes to his jooty, an' as handy with a pick as some people are with a cocktail spoon. What's he been doin' again ye?"

"Nawthin'," said Mr. Dooley, "but he was in here Choosday. 'Did ye vote?' says I. 'I did,' says he. 'Which wan iv th' distinguished bunko steerers got ye'er invaluable suffrage?' says I. 'I didn't have none with me,' says he, 'but I voted f'r Charter Haitch,' says he. 'I've been with him in six ilictions,' says he, 'an' he's a good man,' he says. 'D'ye think ye're votin' f'r th' best?' says I. 'Why, man alive,' I says, 'Charter Haitch was assassinated three years ago,' I says. 'Was he?' says Dugan. 'Ah, well, he's lived that down be this time. He was a

good man,' he says.

"Ye see, that's what thim rayform lads wint up again. If I liked rayformers, Hinnissy, an' wanted f'r to see thim win out wanst in their lifetime, I'd buy thim each a suit iv chilled steel, ar-rm thim with raypeatin' rifles, an' take thim east iv State Sthreet an' south iv Jackson Bullyvard. At prisint th' opinion that pre-vails in th' ranks iv th' glorious ar-rmy iv ray-form is that there ain't anny-thing worth seein' in this lar-rge an' commodious desert but th' pest-house an' the bridewell. Me frind Willum J. O'Brien is no rayformer. But Willum J. undherstands that there's a few hundherds iv thousands iv people livin' in a part iv th' town that looks like nawthin' but smoke fr'm th' roof iv th' Onion League Club that have on'y two pleasures in life, to wur-ruk an' to vote, both iv which they do at th' uniform rate iv wan dollar an' a half a day. That's why Willum J. O'Brien is now a sinitor an' will be an aldherman afther next Thursdah, an' it's why other people are sindin' him flowers.

"This is th' way a rayform candydate is ilited. Th' boys down town has heerd that things ain't goin' r-right somehow. Franchises is bein' handed out to none iv thim; an' wanst in a while a mumber iv th' club, comin' home a little late an' thryin' to riconcile a pair iv r-round feet with an embroidered sidewalk, meets a sthrong ar-rm boy that pushes in his face an' takes away all his marbles. It begins to be talked that th' time has come f'r good citizens f'r to brace up an' do somethin', an' they agree to nomynate a candydate f'r aldherman. 'Who'll we put up?' says they. 'How's Clarence Doolittle?' says wan. 'He's laid up with a coupon thumb, an' can't r-run.' 'An' how about Arthur Doheny?' 'I swore an oath whin I came out iv colledge I'd niver vote f'r a man that wore a made tie.' 'Well, thin, let's thry Willie Boye.' 'Good,' says th' comity. 'He's jus' th' man f'r our money.' An' Willie Boye, after thinkin' it over, goes to his tailor an' ordhers three dozen pairs iv pants, an' decides f'r to be th' sthandard-bearer iv th' people. Musin' over his fried eyesthers an' asparagus an' his champagne, he bets a polo pony again a box of golf-balls he'll be ilited unanimous; an' all th' good citizens make a vow f'r to set th' alar-rm clock f'r half-past three on th' afthernoon iv iliction day, so's to be up in time to vote f'r th' riprিসintitive iv pure gover'mint.

"'Tis some time befure they comprehind that there ar-re other candydates in th' field. But th' other candydates know it. Th' sthrongest iv thim--his name is Flannigan, an' he's a re-tail dealer in wines an' liquors, an' he lives over his establishment. Flannigan was nomynated enthusyastically at a prim'ry held in his bar-rn; an' befure Willie Boye had picked out pants that wud match th' color iv th' Austhreelyan ballot this here Flannigan had put a man on th' day watch, tol' him to speak gently to anny raygistered voter that wint to sleep behind th' sthove, an' was out that night visitin' his frinds. Who was it judged th' cake walk? Flannigan. Who was it carrid th' pall? Flannigan. Who was it sthud up at th' christening? Flannigan. Whose ca-ards did th' grievin' widow, th' blushin' bridegroom, or th' happy father find in th' hack? Flannigan's. Ye bet ye'er life. Ye see Flannigan wasn't out f'r th' good iv th' community. Flannigan was out f'r Flannigan an' th' stuff.

"Well, iliction day come around; an' all th' imminent frinds iv good gover'mint had special wires sthrung into th' club, an' waited fr' th' returns. Th' first precin't showed 28 votes fr' Willie Boye to 14 fr' Flannigan. 'That's my precin't,' says Willie. 'I wondher who voted thim fourteen?' 'Coachmen,' says Clarence Doolittle. 'There are thirty-five precin'ts in this ward,' says th' leader iv th' rayform ilimint. 'At this rate, I'm sure iv 440 meejority. Gossoon,' he says, 'put a keg iv sherry wine on th' ice,' he says. 'Well,' he says, 'at last th' community is relieved fr'm misrule,' he says. 'To-morrah I will start in arrangin' amindmints to th' tariff schedool an' th' ar-bitration threety,' he says. 'We must be up an' doin',' he says. 'Hol' on there,' says wan iv th' comity. 'There must be some mistake in this fr'm th' sixth precin't,' he says. 'Where's the sixth precin't?' says Clarence. 'Over be th' dumps,' says Willie. 'I told me futman to see to that. He lives at th' cor-ner iv Desplaines an' Bloo Island Av'noo on Goose's Island,' he says. 'What does it show?' 'Flannigan, three hundherd an' eighty-five; Hansen, forty-eight; Schwartz, twinty; O'Malley, sivinteen; Casey, ten; O'Day, eight; Larsen, five; O'Rourke, three; Mulcahy, two; Schmitt, two; Moloney, two; Riordon, two; O'Malley, two; Willie Boye, wan.' 'Gintlemin,' says Willie Boye, arisin' with a stern look in his eyes, 'th' rascal has bethrayed me. Waither, take th' sherry wine off th' ice. They'se no hope fr' sound financial legislation this year. I'm goin' home.'

"An', as he goes down th' sthreet, he hears a band play an' sees a procission headed be a calceem light; an', in a carredge, with his plug hat in his hand an' his di'mond makin' th' calceem look like a piece iv punk in a smokehouse, is Flannigan, payin' his first visit this side iv th' thracks."

AN EVENING MUSICALÉ

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

Scene--_A conventional, but rather over-decorated, drawing-room. Grand piano drawn conspicuously to center of floor. Rows of camp-chairs. It is ten minutes before the hour of invitation._ The Hostess, _a large woman, is costumed in yellow satin, embroidered in spangles. Her diamonds are many and of large size. She is seated on the extreme edge of a chair, struggling with a pair of very long gloves. She looks flurried and anxious._ Poor Relative, _invited as a "great treat," sits opposite. Her expression is timid and apprehensive. They are the only occupants of the room._

HOSTESS--No such thing, Maria. You look all right. Plain black is always very genteel. Nothing I like so well for evening, myself. Just keep your face to the wall as much as you can, and the worn places will never show. You can take my ecru lace scarf, if you wish, and that will cover most of the spots. I don't mean my new scarf--the one I got two years

ago. It's a little torn, but it won't matter--for you. I think you will find it on the top shelf of the store-room closet on the third floor. If you put a chair on one of the trunks, you can easily reach it. Just wait a minute, till I get these gloves on; I want you to button them. I do hope I haven't forgotten anything. Baron von Gosheimer has promised to come. I have told everybody. It would be terrible if he should disappoint me.

MASCULINE VOICE FROM ABOVE--Sarah, where the devil have you put my shirts? Everything is upside down in my room, and I can't find them. I pulled every blessed thing out of the chiffonier and wardrobe, and they're not there!

HOSTESS--Oh, Henry! You _must_ hurry--I'm going to use your room for the gentlemen's dressing-room, and it's time now for people to come. You _must_ hurry.

HOST (_from above, just as front door opens, admitting_ Baron von Gosheimer _and two women guests_)--Where the devil are my shirts?

HOSTESS (_unconscious of arrivals_)--Under the bed in my room. Hurry!

(HOST, _in bath gown and slippers, dashes madly into wife's room, and dives under bed as women guests enter. Unable to escape, he crawls farther beneath bed. His feet remain visible. Women guests discover them._)

GUESTS (_in chorus_)--Burglars! burglars! Help! help!

(Baron von Gosheimer, _ascending to the next floor, hears them and hastens to the rescue._)

BARON--Don't be alarmed, ladies. Has either of you a poker? No? That is to be deplored. (_Catches_ Host _by heels and drags him out. Tableau._)

HOSTESS (to Poor Relative, _giving an extra tug at her gloves_)--There, it's all burst out on the side! That stupid saleslady said she knew they would be too small. Oh, dear, I'm that upset! And these Louis Quinze slippers are just murdering me. I wish it were all over.

(_Enter_ Baron von Gosheimer _and women guests._)

HOSTESS--Dear baron, how good of you! I was just saying, if you didn't come I should wish my musicale in Jericho. And, now that you are here, I don't care if any one else comes or not. (_To women guests._) How d'ye do? I must apologize for Mr. Smythe--he's been detained down-town. He just telephoned me. He'll be in later. Do sit down; it's just as cheap as standing, I always say, and it does save your feet. You ladies can find seats over in the corner. (_Detaining_ Baron.) Dear baron--(_Enter guests._)

GUEST--So glad you have a clear evening. Now, when _we_ gave _our_ affair, it _poured_. Of course, _we_ had a crowd, just the same. People

always come to _us_, whether it rains or not. (_Takes a seat. Guests begin to arrive in numbers._)

HOSTESS--So sweet of you to come!

GUEST--So glad you have a pleasant evening. I am sure to have a bad night whenever I entertain--

HOSTESS--(_to another guest_)--So delightful of you to come!

GUEST--Such a perfect evening! I'm _so_ glad. I said as we started out, "Now, this time, Mrs. Smythe can't help but have plenty of people. Whenever I entertain, it's sure to--" (_More guests._)

(_Telegram arrives, announcing that the prima donna has a sore throat, and will be unable to come. Time passes._)

MALE GUEST (_to another_)--Well, I wish to heaven, something would be doing soon. This is the deadest affair I was ever up against.

OMNIPRESENT JOKER (_greeting acquaintance_)--Hello, old man!--going to sing to-night?

ACQUAINTANCE--Oh, yes, going to sing a solo.

JOKER--So low you can't hear it? Ha, ha! (_Guests near by groan._)

VOICE (_overheard_)--Madame Cully? My dear, she always tells you that you haven't half enough material, and makes you get yards more. Besides, she never sends your pieces back, though I have--

FAT OLD LADY (_to neighbor_)--I never was so warm in my life! I can't imagine why people invite you, just to make you uncomfortable. Now, when I entertain, I have the windows open for hours before any one comes.

JOKER (_aside_)--That's why she always has a frost! Ha, ha!

(HOST _enters, showing traces of hasty toilette--face red, and a razor-cut on chin._)

HOST (_rubbing his hands, and endeavoring to appear at ease and facetious_)--Well, how d'ye do, everybody! Sorry to be late on such an auspicious--

JOKER (_interrupting_)--Suspicious! Ha, ha!

HOST--occasion. I hope you are all enjoying yourselves.

CHORUS OF GUESTS--Yes, indeed!

HOSTESS--'Sh, 'sh, 'sh! I have a great disappointment for you all. Here is a telegram from my _best_ singer, saying she is sick, and can't come. Now, we will have the pleasure of listening to Miss Jackson. Miss

Jackson is a pupil of Madame Parcheesi, of Paris. (Singer whispers to her.) Oh, I beg your pardon! It's Madame _Mar_cheesi.

DEAF OLD GENTLEMAN (seated by piano, talking to pretty girl)--I'd rather listen to you than hear this caterwauling. (Old Gentleman is dragged into corner and silenced.)

YOUNG WOMAN (singing)--"Why do I sing? I know not, I know not! I can not help but sing. Oh, why do I sing?"

(Guests moan softly and demand of one another, Why does she sing?)

WOMAN GUEST (to another)--Isn't that just the way?--their relatives are always dying, and it's sure to be wash-day or just when you expect company to dinner, and off they go to the funeral--

(Butler appears with trayful of punch-glasses.)

MALE GUEST (to another)--Thank the Lord! here's relief in sight. Let's drown our troubles.

THE OTHER--It's evident you haven't sampled the Smythes' punch before. I tell you it's a crime to spoil a thirst with this stuff. Well, here's how.

WOMAN GUEST (to neighbor)--I never saw Mrs. Smythe looking quite so hideous and atrociously vulgar before, did you?

NEIGHBOR--Never! Why did we come?

VOICE (overheard)--The one in the white-lace gown and all those diamonds?

ANOTHER VOICE--Yes. Well, you know it was common talk that before he married her--

HOSTESS--'Sh, 'sh, 'sh! Signor Padrella has offered to play some of his own compositions, but I thought you would all rather hear something familiar by one of the real composers--Rubens or Chopin--Chopinbauer, I think--

(Pianist plunges wildly into something.)

VOICE (during a lull in the music)--First, you brown an onion in the pan, then you chop the cabbage--

GUEST (in the dressing-room, just arriving, to another)--Yes, we are awfully late, too, but I always say you never can be too late at one of the Smythes' horrors.

THIN YOUNG WOMAN (in limp pink gown and string of huge pearls, who has come to recite)--I'm awfully nervous, and I do believe I'm getting hoarse. Mama, you didn't forget the lemon juice and sugar? (Drinks from

bottle._) Now, where are my bronchial troches? Don't you think I could stand just a little more rouge? I think it's a shame I'm not going to have footlights. Remember, you are not to prompt me, unless I look at you. You will get me all mixed up, if you do. (_They descend._)

HOSTESS (_to elocutionist_)--Why, I thought you were never coming! I wanted you to fill in while people were taking their seats. The guests always make so much noise, and the singers hate it. Now, what did you say you would require--an egg-beater and a turnip, wasn't it? Oh, no! That's for the young man who is going to do the tricks. I remember. Are you all ready?

ELOCUTIONIST (_in a trembling voice_)--Ye-es.

HOSTESS--'Sh, 'sh, 'sh!

ELOCUTIONIST--_Aux Italiens._

"At Paris it was, at the opera there,
And she looked like--"

GUEST (_to another_)--Thirty cents, old chap! I tell you, there's nothing will knock you out quicker than--

HOSTESS--'Sh, 'sh, 'sh!

(_Young woman finishes, and retires amidst subdued applause. Reappears immediately and gives "The Maniac."_)

HOSTESS--As I have been disappointed in my best talent for this evening, Mr. Briggs has kindly consented to do some of his parlor-magic tricks.

(Mr. Briggs _steps forward, a large, florid young man, wearing a "made" dress-tie, the buckle of which crawls up the back of his collar._)

BRIGGS--Now, ladies and gentlemen, I shall have to ask you all to move to the other side of the room. (_This is accomplished with muttered uncomplimentary remarks concerning the magician._)

BRIGGS (_to Hostess_)--I must have the piano pushed to the further end. I must have plenty of space. (_All the men guests are pressed into service, and, with much difficulty the piano is moved._)

BRIGGS--Now, I want four large screens.

HOSTESS (_faintly_)--But I have only two!

BRIGGS--Well, then, get me a clothes-horse and a couple of sheets.

POOR RELATIVE--You know, Sarah, I used the last two when I made up my bed in the children's nursery yesterday. I can easily get--

HOSTESS (_hastily_)--No, Maria, don't trouble. (_To guests_)--Perhaps,

some of you gentlemen wouldn't mind lending us your overcoats to cover the clothes-horse?

CHORUS (_with great lack of enthusiasm_)--Of course! Delighted! (_They go for coats._)

HOSTESS (_to Poor Relative_)--Maria, you get the clothes-horse. I think it's in the laundry, or--Oh, I think it's in the cellar. Well, you look till you find it. (_To Briggs_)--I got as many of the things you asked for as I could remember. Will you read the list over?

BRIGGS--Turnip and egg-beater--

HOSTESS--Yes.

BRIGGS--Egg, large clock, jar of gold-fish, rabbit and empty barrel.

HOSTESS--I have the egg.

BRIGGS (_much annoyed_)--I particularly wanted the gold-fish, the clock and the barrel.

(_Guests grow restless._)

Hostess--Couldn't you do a trick while we are waiting--one with the egg-beater and turnip?

BRIGGS--No; I don't know one.

HOSTESS--Couldn't you make up one?

BRIGGS (_icily_)--Certainly not.

(_Gloom descends over the company, until the Poor Relative arrives, staggering under the clothes-horse._)

CHORUS OF MEN GUESTS--Let me help you!

(_Improvised screen is finally arranged._ Briggs _performs "parlor magic" for an hour. Guests, fidget, yawn and commence to drop away, one by one._)

GUEST (_to Hostess_)--Really, we must tear ourselves away. Such a delightful evening!--not a dull moment. And your punch--heavenly! Do ask us again. Good night.

HOSTESS--Thank you so much! So good of you to come.

ANOTHER GUEST--Yes, we must go. I've had a perfectly dear time.

HOSTESS--So sorry you must go. So good of you to come. Good night.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

CHORUS OF GUESTS--Wasn't it awful?--Such low people!--Why did we ever come--Parvenue!

ELOCUTIONIST--I was all right, wasn't I, mama? You noticed they never clapped a bit until I'd walked the whole length of the room to my chair. It just showed how wrought up they were. You nearly mixed me up, though, prompting me in the wrong place; I--

HOSTESS (_throwing herself on sofa as door closes on last guest_)--Well, I'm completely done up! (_To Poor Relative_)--Maria, run up to my room, and get my red worsted bed-slippers. I can't stand these satin tortures a minute longer. Entertaining is an awful strain. It's so hard trying not to say the wrong thing at the right place. But, then, it certainly went off beautifully. I could tell every one had such a good time!

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CONSPIRACY, REBELLION, AND EXECUTION OF PERKIN WARBECK A.D. 1492

FRANCIS BACON

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Soon after his accession to the throne of England, Henry VII married Elizabeth of York, daughter of Edward IV, uniting the rival houses of York and Lancaster. But notwithstanding this adjustment of the rival interests, the rule of Henry, the Lancastrian, failed to satisfy the Yorkists; and this party, with the aid of Margaret of Burgundy--sister of Edward IV--and James IV of Scotland, set up two impostors, one after the other, to claim the English throne. At the same time there was living a real heir of the house of York--young Edward, Earl of Warwick, son of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV. Henry had taken the precaution to keep this genuine Yorkist in the Tower.

In 1487 a spurious earl of Warwick appeared in Ireland. Receiving powerful support in that country, he was actually crowned in the Cathedral of Dublin. In order to defeat this imposture Henry exhibited the real earl to the people of London. He also vanquished the army of the pretender at Stoke, in June, 1487. This false earl was found to be Lambert Simnel, son of an Oxford joiner. He became a scullion in King Henry's kitchen.

The second of these impostors, known as Perkin Warbeck, contrived to make himself a figure of some importance in the history of England. Supposedly born in Flanders, he first appears upon the historic stage in 1492, when

he landed at Cork. Going soon after to France, he was recognized by the court as Duke of York, according to his claim. How he was coached for his part, and how the drama in which he played it was acted out, are told by Bacon in what is perhaps the best specimen we have of that great author's style in historical composition.

Warbeck was executed in 1499, and, although Bacon gives us no dates, the whole history, covering about seven years, may be said to form a practically continuous series of incidents. The character of this adventurer has been made quite prominent in literature, having been the subject of Ford's tragedy, *The Chronicle History of Perkin Warbeck* (1634), of a play by Charles Macklin, *King Henry VII, or the Popish Impostor* (1716), and of Joseph Elderton's drama, *The Pretender*.

This youth of whom we are now to speak was such a mercurial as the like hath seldom been known, and could make his own part if at any time he chanced to be out. Wherefore, this being one of the strangest examples of a personation that ever was in elder or later times, it deserveth to be discovered and related at the full--although the King's manner of showing things by pieces and by dark lights hath so muffled it that it hath been left almost as a mystery to this day.

The Lady Margaret,[1] whom the King's friends called Juno, because she was to him as Juno was to Aeneas, stirring both heaven and hell to do him mischief, for a foundation of her particular practices against him, did continually, by all means possible, nourish, maintain, and divulge the flying opinion that Richard, Duke of York, second son to Edward IV, was not murdered in the Tower, as was given out, but saved alive. For that those who were employed in that barbarous act, having destroyed the elder brother, were stricken with remorse and compassion toward the younger, and set him privily at liberty to seek his fortune.

There was a townsman of Tournai, that had borne office in that town, whose name was John Osbeck, a convert Jew, married to Catherine de Faro, whose business drew him to live for a time with his wife at London, in King Edward's days. During which time he had a son[2] by her, and being known in the court, the King, either out of a religious nobleness because he was a convert, or upon some private acquaintance, did him the honor to be godfather to his child, and named him Peter. But afterward, proving a dainty and effeminate youth, he was commonly called by the diminutive of his name, Peterkin or Perkin. For as for the name of Warbeck, it was given him when they did but guess at it, before examinations had been taken. But yet he had been so much talked of by that name, as it stuck by him after his true name of Osbeck was known.

While he was a young child, his parents returned with him to Tournai. There he was placed in the house of a kinsman of his called John Stenbeck, at Antwerp, and so roved up and down between Antwerp and Tournai, and other towns of Flanders, for a good time, living much in English company and having the English tongue perfect. In which time, being grown a comely youth, he was brought by some of the espials of the Lady Margaret into her presence. Who, viewing him well, and seeing that he had a face and personage that would bear a noble fortune, and finding

him otherwise of a fine spirit and winning behavior, thought she had now found a curious piece of marble to carve out an image of a Duke of York. She kept him by her a great while, but with extreme secrecy.

The while she instructed him by many cabinet conferences. First, in princely behavior and gesture, teaching him how he should keep state, and yet with a modest sense of his misfortunes. Then she informed him of all the circumstances and particulars that concerned the person of Richard, Duke of York, which he was to act, describing unto him the personages, lineaments, and features of the King and Queen, his pretended parents; and of his brother and sisters, and divers others, that were nearest him in his childhood; together with all passages, some secret, some common, that were fit for a child's memory, until the death of King Edward. Then she added the particulars of the time from the King's death, until he and his brother were committed to the Tower, as well during the time he was abroad as while he was in sanctuary. As for the times while he was in the Tower, and the manner of his brother's death, and his own escape, she knew they were things that a very few could control. And therefore she taught him only to tell a smooth and likely tale of those matters, warning him not to vary from it.

It was agreed likewise between them what account he should give of his peregrination abroad, intermixing many things which were true, and such as they knew others could testify, for the credit of the rest, but still making them to hang together with the part he was to play. She taught him likewise how to avoid sundry captious and tempting questions which were like to be asked of him. But, this she found him so nimble and shifting as she trusted much to his own wit and readiness, and therefore labored the less in it.

Lastly, she raised his thoughts with some present rewards and further promises, setting before him chiefly the glory and fortune of a crown if things went well, and a sure refuge to her court if the worst should fall. After such time as she thought he was perfect in his lesson, she began to cast with herself from what coast this blazing star should first appear, and at what time it must be upon the horizon of Ireland, for there had the like meteor strong influence before. The time of the apparition to be when the King should be engaged in a war with France. But well she knew that whatsoever should come from her would be held suspected. And therefore, if he should go out of Flanders immediately into Ireland, she might be thought to have some hand in it. And besides the time was not yet ripe, for that the two kings were then upon terms of peace. Therefore she wheeled about; and to put all suspicion afar off, and loath to keep him any longer by her, for that she knew secrets are not long-lived, she sent him unknown into Portugal, with the Lady Brampton, an English lady, that embarked for Portugal at that time, with some _privado_ of her own, to have an eye upon him, and there he was to remain, and to expect her further directions.

In the mean time she omitted not to prepare things for his better welcome and accepting, not only in the kingdom of Ireland, but in the court of France. He continued in Portugal about a year, and by that time the King of England called his parliament and declared open war against France.

Now did the sign reign, and the constellation was come, under which Perkin should appear. And therefore he was straight sent unto by the Duchess to go for Ireland, according to the first designment. In Ireland he did arrive, at the town of Cork. When he was thither come, his own tale was, when he made his confession afterward, that the Irishmen, finding him in some good clothes, came flocking about him, and bare him down that he was the Duke of Clarence that had been there before. And after, that he was the base son of Richard III. And lastly, that he was Richard, Duke of York, second son to Edward IV. But that he, for his part, renounced all these things, and offered to swear upon the holy evangelists that he was no such man; till at last they forced it upon him, and bade him fear nothing, and so forth. But the truth is that immediately upon his coming into Ireland he took upon him the said person of the Duke of York, and drew unto him complices and partakers by all the means he could devise. Insomuch as he wrote his letters unto the Earls of Desmond and Kildare to come in to his aid, and be of his party; the originals of which letters are yet extant.

Somewhat before this time, the Duchess had also gained unto her a near servant of King Henry's own, one Stephen Frion, his secretary for the French tongue; an active man, but turbulent and discontented. This Frion had fled over to Charles, the French King, and put himself into his service, at such time as he began to be in open enmity with the King. Now King Charles, when he understood of the person and attempts of Perkin, ready of himself to embrace all advantages against the King of England, instigated by Frion, and formerly prepared by the Lady Margaret, forthwith despatched one Lucas and this Frion, in the nature of ambassadors to Perkin, to advertise him of the King's good inclination to him, and that he was resolved to aid him to recover his right against King Henry, a usurper of England and an enemy of France; and wished him to come over unto him at Paris.

Perkin thought himself in heaven now that he was invited by so great a king in so honorable a manner. And imparting unto his friends in Ireland, for their encouragement, how fortune called him, and what great hopes he had, sailed presently into France. When he was come to the court of France, the King received him with great honor; saluted and styled him by the name of the Duke of York; lodged him and accommodated him in great state; and, the better to give him the representation and the countenance of a prince, assigned him a guard for his person, whereof Lord Congresall was captain. The courtiers likewise, though it be ill mocking with the French, applied themselves to their King's bent, seeing there was reason of state for it. At the same time there repaired unto Perkin divers Englishmen of quality--Sir George Neville, Sir John Taylor, and about one hundred more--and among the rest this Stephen Frion, of whom we spake, who followed his fortune both then and for a long time after, and was, indeed, his principal counsellor and instrument in all his proceedings.

But all this on the French King's part was but a trick, the better to bow King Henry to peace. And therefore, upon the first grain of incense that was sacrificed upon the altar of peace at Boulogne, Perkin was smoked away. Yet would not the French King deliver him up to King Henry, as he was labored to do, for his honor's sake, but warned him away and

dismissed him. And Perkin, on his part, was ready to be gone, doubting he might be caught up underhand. He therefore took his way into Flanders, unto the Duchess of Burgundy, pretending that, having been variously tossed by fortune, he directed his course thither as to a safe harbor, noways taking knowledge that he had ever been there before, but as if that had been his first address. The Duchess, on the other part, made it as new strange to see him, pretending, at the first, that she was taught and made wise, by the example of Lambert Simnel, how she did admit of any counterfeit stuff, though, even in that, she said she was not fully satisfied.

She pretended at the first, and that was ever in the presence of others, to pose him and sift him, thereby to try whether he were indeed the very Duke of York or no. But, seeming to receive full satisfaction by his answers, she then feigned herself to be transported with a kind of astonishment, mixed of joy and wonder, at his miraculous deliverance, receiving him as if he were risen from death to life, and inferring that God, who had in such wonderful manner preserved him from death, did likewise reserve him for some great and prosperous fortune. As for his dismissal out of France, they interpreted it, not as if he were detected or neglected for a counterfeit deceiver, but, contrariwise, that it did show manifestly unto the world that he was some great matter, for that it was his abandoning that, in effect, made the peace, being no more but the sacrificing of a poor, distressed prince unto the utility and ambition of two mighty monarchs.

Neither was Perkin, for his part, wanting to himself, either in gracious or princely behavior, or in ready or apposite answers, or in contenting and caressing those that did apply themselves unto him, or in petty scorn and disdain to those that seemed to doubt of him; but in all things did notably acquit himself, insomuch as it was generally believed, as well among great persons as among the vulgar, that he was indeed Duke Richard. Nay, himself, with long and continued counterfeiting, and with oft telling a lie, was turned by habit almost into the thing he seemed to be, and from a liar to a believer. The Duchess, therefore, as in a case out of doubt, did him all princely honor, calling him always by the name of her nephew, and giving the delicate title of the "White Rose of England," and appointed him a guard of thirty persons, halberdiers, clad in a party-colored livery of murrey and blue, to attend his person. Her court likewise, and generally the Dutch and strangers, in their usage toward him, expressed no less respect.

The news hereof came blazing and thundering over into England that the Duke of York was sure alive. As for the name of Perkin Warbeck, it was not at that time come to light, but all the news ran upon the Duke of York; that he had been entertained in Ireland, bought and sold in France, and was now plainly avowed and in great honor in Flanders. These fames took hold of divers; in some upon discontent, in some upon ambition, in some upon levity and desire of change, and in some few upon conscience and belief, but in most upon simplicity, and in divers out of dependence upon some of the better sort, who did in secret favor and nourish these bruits. And it was not long ere these rumors of novelty had begotten others of scandal and murmur against the King and his government, taxing

him for a great taxer of his people and discountenancer of his nobility. The loss of Britain and the peace with France were not forgotten. But chiefly they fell upon the wrong that he did his Queen, in that he did not reign in her right. Wherefore they said that God had now brought to light a masculine branch of the house of York, that would not be at his courtesy, howsoever he did depress his poor lady.

And yet, as it fareth with things which are current with the multitude and which they affect, these fumes grew so general as the authors were lost in the generality of the speakers; they being like running weeds that have no certain root, or like footings up and down, impossible to be traced. But after a while these ill-humors drew to a head, and settled secretly in some eminent persons, which were Sir William Stanley, lord chamberlain of the King's household, the Lord Fitzwater, Sir Simon Montfort, and Sir Thomas Thwaites. These entered into a secret conspiracy to favor Duke Richard's title. Nevertheless, none engaged their fortunes in this business openly but two, Sir Robert Clifford and Master William Barley, who sailed over into Flanders, sent, indeed, from the party of the conspirators here, to understand the truth of those things that passed there, and not without some help of moneys from hence; provisionally to be delivered, if they found and were satisfied that there was truth in these pretences. The person of Sir Robert Clifford, being a gentleman of fame and family, was extremely welcome to the Lady Margaret, who, after she had conference with him, brought him to the sight of Perkin, with whom he had often speech and discourse. So that in the end, won either by the Duchess to affect or by Perkin to believe, he wrote back into England that he knew the person of Richard, Duke of York, as well as he knew his own, and that this young man was undoubtedly he. By this means all things grew prepared to revolt and sedition here, and the conspiracy came to have a correspondence between Flanders and England.

The King, on his part, was not asleep, but to arm or levy forces yet, he thought, would but show fear, and do this idol too much worship. Nevertheless, the ports he did shut up, or at least kept a watch on them, that none should pass to or fro that was suspected; but for the rest, he chose to work by counter-mines. His purposes were two--the one to lay open the abuse, the other to break the knot of the conspirators. To detect the abuse there were but two ways--the first, to make it manifest to the world that the Duke of York was indeed murdered; the other to prove that, were he dead or alive, yet Perkin was a counterfeit. For the first, thus it stood. There were but four persons that could speak upon knowledge to the murder of the Duke of York--Sir James Tyrell, the employed man from King Richard; John Dighton and Miles Forest, his servants, the two butchers or tormentors; and the priest of the Tower, that buried them. Of which four, Miles Forest and the priest were dead, and there remained alive only Sir James Tyrell and John Dighton.

These two the King caused to be committed to the Tower. and examined touching the manner of the death of the two innocent princes. They agreed both in a tale, as the King gave out, to this effect: That King Richard, having directed his warrant for the putting of them to death to Brackenbury, the lieutenant of the Tower, was by him refused. Whereupon

the King directed his warrant to Sir James Tyrell, to receive the key of the Tower from the lieutenant, for the space of a night, for the King's special service. That Sir James Tyrell accordingly repaired to the Tower by night, attended by his two servants aforementioned, whom he had chosen for that purpose. That himself stood at the stair-foot, and sent these two villains to execute the murder. That they smothered them in their beds, and, that done, called up their master to see their naked dead bodies, which they had laid forth. That they were buried under the stairs, and some stones cast upon them. That when the report was made to King Richard that his will was done, he gave Sir James Tyrell great thanks, but took exception to the place of their burial, being too base for them that were king's children. Whereupon another night, by the King's warrant renewed, their bodies were removed by the priest of the Tower, and buried by him in some place which, by means of the priest's death soon after, could not be known.

Thus much was then delivered abroad to be the effect of those examinations; but the King, nevertheless, made no use of them in any of his declarations, whereby, as it seems, those examinations left the business somewhat perplexed. And, as for Sir James Tyrell, he was soon after beheaded in the Tower-yard for other matters of treason. But John Dighton, who, it seemeth, spake best for the King, was forthwith set at liberty, and was the principal means of divulging this tradition. Therefore, this kind of proof being left so naked, the King used the more diligence in the latter for the tracing of Perkin. To this purpose he sent abroad into several parts, and especially into Flanders, divers secret and nimble scouts and spies, some feigning themselves to fly over unto Perkin and to adhere to him, and some, under other pretence, to learn, search, and discover all the circumstances and particulars of Perkin's parents, birth, person, travels up and down, and in brief to have a journal, as it were, of his life and doings. Others he employed, in a more special nature and trust, to be his pioneers in the main counter-mine.

The King of Scotland--James IV--having espoused the cause of Warbeck, and attended him upon an invasion of England, though he would not formally retract his judgment of Perkin, wherein he had engaged himself so far, yet in his private opinion, upon often speech with the Englishmen, and diverse other advertisements, began to suspect him for a counterfeit. Wherefore in a noble fashion he called him unto him, and recounted the benefits and favors that he had done him in making him his ally, and in provoking a mighty and opulent king, by an offensive war, in his quarrel, for the space of two years together; nay, more, that he had refused an honorable peace, whereof he had a fair offer, if he would have delivered him; and that, to keep his promise with him, he had deeply offended both his nobles and people, whom he might not hold in any long discontent; and therefore required him to think of his own fortunes, and to choose out some fitter place for his exile; telling him withal that he could not say but that the English had forsaken him before the Scottish, for that, upon two several trials, none had declared themselves on his side; but nevertheless he would make good what he said to him at his first receiving, which was that he should not repent him for putting himself into his hands; for that he would not cast him off, but help him with

shipping and means to transport him where he should desire. Perkin, not descending at all from his stage-like greatness, answered the King in few words, that he saw his time was not yet come; but, whatsoever his fortunes were, he should both think and speak honor of the King. Taking his leave, he would not think on Flanders, doubting it was but hollow ground for him since the treaty of the Archduke, concluded the year before; but took his lady, and such followers as would not leave him, and sailed over into Ireland.

When Perkin heard of the late Cornwall insurrection he began to take heart again, and advised upon it with his council, which were principally three--Herne, a mercer, that fled for debt; Skelton, a tailor; and Astley, a scrivener; for Secretary Frion was gone. These told him that he was mightily overseen, both when he went into Kent and when he went into Scotland--the one being a place so near London and under the King's nose; and the other a nation so distasted with the people of England, that if they had loved him ever so well, yet they could never have taken his part in that company. But if he had been so happy as to have been in Cornwall at the first, when the people began to take arms there, he had been crowned at Westminster before this time; for these kings, as he had now experience, would sell poor princes for shoes. But he must rely wholly upon people; and therefore advised him to sail over with all possible speed into Cornwall; which accordingly he did, having in his company four small barks, with some sixscore or sevenscore fighting men.

He arrived in September at Whitsand Bay, and forthwith came to Bodmin, the blacksmith's town, where they assembled unto him to the number of three thousand men of the rude people. There he set forth a new proclamation stroking the people with fair promises, and humoring them with invectives against the King and his government. And as it fareth with smoke, that never loseth itself till it be at the highest, he did now before his end raise his style, entitling himself no more Richard, Duke of York, but Richard IV, King of England. His council advised him by all means to make himself master of some good walled town; as well to make his men find the sweetness of rich spoils, and to allure to him all loose and lost people, by like hopes of booty as to be a sure retreat to his forces in case they should have any ill day or unlucky chance of the field. Wherefore they took heart to them and went on, and besieged the city of Exeter, the principal town for strength and wealth in those parts.

Perkin, hearing the thunder of arms, and preparations against him from so many parts, raised his siege, and marched to Taunton, beginning already to squint one eye upon the crown and another upon the sanctuary; though the Cornish men were become, like metal often fired and quenched, churlish, and that would sooner break than bow; swearing and vowing not to leave him till the uttermost drop of their blood were spilt. He was at his rising from Exeter between six and seven thousand strong, many having come unto him after he was set before Exeter, upon fame of so great an enterprise, and to partake of the spoil, though upon the raising of his siege some did slip away.

When he was come near Taunton, he dissembled all fear, and seemed all the

day to use diligence in preparing all things ready to fight. But about midnight he fled with threescore horses to Bewdley[3], in the New Forest, where he and divers of his company registered themselves sanctuary-men, leaving his Cornish men to the four winds, but yet thereby easing them of their vow, and using his wonted compassion not to be by when his subjects' blood should be spilt. The King, as soon as he heard of Perkin's flight, sent presently five hundred horse to pursue and apprehend him before he should get either to the sea or to that same little island called a sanctuary. But they came too late for the latter of these. Therefore all they could do was to beset the sanctuary, and to maintain a strong watch about it, till the King's pleasure were further known.

Perkin, having at length given himself up, was brought into the King's court, but not to the King's presence; though the King, to satisfy his curiosity, saw him sometimes out of a window or in passage. He was in show at liberty, but guarded with all care and watch that were possible, and willed to follow the King to London. But from his first appearance upon the stage in his new person of a sycophant or juggler, instead of his former person of a prince, all men may think how he was exposed to the derision not only of the courtiers, but also of the common people, who flocked about him as he went along, that one might know afar off where the owl was by the flight of birds; some mocking, some wondering, some cursing, some prying and picking matter out of his countenance and gesture to talk of; so that the false honor and respects, which he had so long enjoyed, were plentifully repaid in scorn and contempt.

As soon as he was come to London the King gave also the city the solace of this May-game; for he was conveyed leisurely on horseback, but not in any ignominious fashion, through Cheapside and Cornhill, to the Tower, and from thence back again unto Westminster, with the churme of a thousand taunts and reproaches. But to amend the show, there followed a little distance of Perkin an inward counsellor of his, one that had been sergeant farrier to the King. This fellow, when Perkin took sanctuary, chose rather to take a holy habit than a holy place, and clad himself like a hermit, and in that weed wandered about the country till he was discovered and taken. But this man was bound hand and foot upon the horse, and came not back with Perkin, but was left at the Tower, and within few days after executed.

Soon after, now that Perkin could tell better what himself was, he was diligently examined; and after his confession taken, an extract was made of such parts of it as were thought fit to be divulged, which was printed and dispersed abroad; wherein the King did himself no right; for as there was a labored tale of particulars of Perkin's father and mother and grandsire and grandmother and uncles and cousins, by names and surnames, and from what places he travelled up and down; so there was little or nothing to purpose of anything concerning his designs or any practices that had been held with him; nor the Duchess of Burgundy herself, that all the world did take knowledge of, as the person that had put life and being into the whole business, so much as named or pointed at. So that men, missing of that they looked for, looked about for they knew not what, and were in more doubt than before; but the King chose rather not

to satisfy than to kindle coals.

It was not long but Perkin, who was made of quicksilver, which is hard to hold or imprison, began to stir. For, deceiving his keepers, he took him to his heels, and made speed to the sea-coasts. But presently all corners were laid for him, and such diligent pursuit and search made as he was fain to turn back and get him to the house of Bethlehem, called the priory of Sheen (which had the privilege of sanctuary), and put himself into the hands of the prior of that monastery. The prior was thought a holy man and much revered in those days. He came to the King, and besought the King for Perkin's life only, leaving him otherwise to the King's discretion. Many about the King were again more hot than ever to have the King take him forth and hang him. But the King, that had a high stomach and could not hate any that he despised, bid, "Take him forth and set the knave in the stocks"; and so, promising the prior his life, he caused him to be brought forth. And within two or three days after, upon a scaffold set up in the palace court at Westminster, he was fettered and set in the stocks for the whole day. And the next day after the like was done by him at the cross in Cheapside, and in both places he read his confession, of which we made mention before; and was from Cheapside conveyed and laid up in the Tower.

But it was ordained that this winding-ivy of a Plantagenet should kill the true tree itself. For Perkin, after he had been a while in the Tower, began to insinuate himself into the favor and kindness of his keepers, servants of the lieutenant of the Tower, Sir John Digby, being four in number--Strangeways, Blewet, Astwood, and Long Roger. These varlets, with mountains of promises, he sought to corrupt, to obtain his escape; but knowing well that his own fortunes were made so contemptible as he could feed no man's hopes, and by hopes he must work, for rewards he had none, he had contrived with himself a vast and tragical plot; which was, to draw into his company Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, then prisoner in the Tower, whom the weary life of a long imprisonment, and the often and renewing fears of being put to death, had softened to take any impression of counsel for his liberty.

This young Prince he thought these servants would look upon, though not upon himself; and therefore, after that, by some message by one or two of them, he had tasted of the Earl's consent, it was agreed that these four should murder their master, the lieutenant, secretly, in the night, and make their best of such money and portable goods of his as they should find ready at hand, and get the keys of the Tower, and presently let forth Perkin and the Earl. But this conspiracy was revealed in time, before it could be executed. And in this again the opinion of the King's great wisdom did surcharge him with a sinister fame, that Perkin was but his bait to entrap the Earl of Warwick. And in the very instant while this conspiracy was in working, as if that also had been the King's industry, it was fated that there should break forth a counterfeit Earl of Warwick, a cordwainer's son, whose name was Ralph Wilford; a young man taught and set on by an Augustin friar, called Patrick. They both from the parts from Suffolk came forward into Kent, where they did not only privily and underhand give out that this Wilford was the true Earl of Warwick, but also the friar, finding some light credence in the people,

took the boldness in the pulpit to declare as much, and to incite the people to come in to his aid. Whereupon they were both presently apprehended, and the young fellow executed, and the friar condemned to perpetual imprisonment.

This also happening so opportunely, to represent the danger to the King's estate from the Earl of Warwick, and thereby to color the King's severity that followed; together with the madness of the friar so vainly and desperately to divulge a treason before it had gotten any manner of strength; and the saving of the friar's life, which nevertheless was, indeed, but the privilege of his order; and the pity in the common people, which, if it run in a strong stream, doth ever cast up scandal and envy, made it generally rather talked than believed that all was but the King's device. But howsoever it were, hereupon Perkin, that had offended against grace now the third time, was at last proceeded with, and by commissioners of oyer and determiner, arraigned at Westminster upon divers treasons committed and perpetrated after his coming on land within this kingdom, for so the judges advised, for that he was a foreigner, and condemned, and a few days after executed at Tyburn; where he did again openly read his confession, and take it upon his death to be true. This was the end of this little cockatrice of a king that was able to destroy those that did not espy him first. It was one of the longest plays of that kind that had been in memory, and might perhaps have had another end if he had not met with a king wise, stout, and fortunate.

[Footnote 1: Sister to Edward IV, and widow of Charles _le Téméraire_, Duke of Burgundy.]

[Footnote 2: Bernard André, the poet laureate of Henry VII, states in his manuscript life of his patron, that Perkin, when a boy, was "_servant_" in England to a Jew named Edward, who was baptized, and adopted as godson by Edward IV, and was on terms of intimacy with the King and his family." Speed, mistranslating André's words, makes Perkin the _son_ of the Jew, instead of the servant; and Bacon amplifies the error, and transforms John Osbeck into the convert Jew, who, having a handsome wife, it might be surmised why the licentious King "should become gossip in so mean a house." Hume adds: "People thence accounted for that resemblance which was afterward remarked between young Perkin and that monarch." The surmise of Bacon, grounded upon the error of Speed, is clinched into the positive assertion of Hume as to a popular belief for which there is not the slightest ground.--_Charles Knight_.]

[Footnote:3 The Abbey of Beaulieu, near Southampton.]

=Basil= (_Ocimum basilicum_, Linn.),

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an annual herb of the order Labiatae.

The popular name, derived from the specific, signifies royal or kingly, probably because of the plant's use in feasts. In France it is known as

herb royale, royal herb. The generic name is derived from *_Oza_*, a Greek word signifying odor.

The plant is a native of tropical Asia, where for centuries, especially in India, it has been highly esteemed as a condiment. Probably the early Greek and Roman writers were well acquainted with it, but commentators are not decided. They suppose that the *_Okimon_* of Hippocrates, Dioscorides and Theophrastus is the same as *_Ocimum hortense_* of Columella and Varro.

The plant's introduction into England was about 1548, or perhaps a little earlier, but probably not prior to 1538, because Turner does not mention it in his "Libellus," published in that year. It seems to have grown rapidly in popularity, for in 1586 Lyte speaks of it as if well known. In America it has been cultivated somewhat for about a century partly because of its fragrant leaves which are employed in bouquets, but mainly for flavoring culinary concoctions. In Australia it is also more or less grown, and in countries where French commerce or other interests have penetrated it is well known.

[Illustration: Sweet Basil]

There are several related species which, in America less than in Europe or the East, have attracted attention. The most important of these is dwarf or bush basil (*_O. minimum_*, Linn.), a small Chilean species also reported from Cochin China. It was introduced into cultivation in Europe in 1573. On account of its compact form it is popular in gardens as an edging as well as a culinary herb, for more than a century it has been grown in America. Sacred basil (*_O. sanctum_*), an oriental species, is cultivated near temples in India and its odoriferous oil extracted for religious uses. Formerly the common species was considered sacred by the Brahmins who used it especially in honor of Vishnu and in funeral rites. An African species, *_O. fruticosum_*, is highly valued at the Cape of Good Hope for its perfume.

Description. --From the small, fibrous roots the square stems stand erect about 1 foot tall. They are very branching and leafy. The leaves are green, except as noted below, ovate, pointed, opposite, somewhat toothed, rather succulent and highly fragrant. The little white flowers which appear in midsummer are racemed in leafy whorls, followed by small black fruits, popularly called seeds. These, like flaxseed, emit a mucilaginous substance when soaked in water. About 23,000 weigh an ounce, and 10 ounces fill a pint. Their vitality lasts about eight years.

Like most of the other culinary herbs, basil has varied little in several centuries; there are no well-marked varieties of modern origin. Only three varieties of common basil are listed in America; Vilmorin lists only five French ones. Purple basil has lilac flowers, and when grown in the sun also purple leaf stems and young branches. Lettuce-leaved basil has large, pale-green blistered and wrinkled leaves like those of lettuce. Its closely set clusters of flowers appear somewhat late. The leaves are larger and fewer than in the common

variety.

The dwarf species is more compact, branching and dainty than the common species. It has three varieties; one with deep violet foliage and stems and lilac white flowers, and two with green leaves, one very dense and compact.

East Indian, or Tree Basil (*O. gratissimum*, Linn.), a well-known species in the Orient, seems to have a substitute in *O. suave*, also known by the same popular name, and presumably the species cultivated in Europe and to some extent in America. It is an upright, branching annual, which forms a pyramidal bush about 20 inches tall and often 15 inches in diameter. It favors very warm situations and tropical countries.

Cultivation.--Basil is propagated by seeds. Because these are very small, they are best sown in flats under glass, covered lightly with finely sifted soil and moistened by standing in a shallow pan of water until the surface shows a wet spot. When about an inch tall, the seedlings must be pricked out 2 inches apart each way in larger-sized flats. When 3 inches tall they will be large enough for the garden, where they should be set 1 foot asunder in rows 15 to 18 inches apart. Often the seed is sown in the mellow border as early in the spring as the ground can be worked. This method demands perhaps more attention than the former, because of weeds and because the rows cannot be easily seen. When transplanting, preference should be given to a sunny situation in a mellow, light, fertile, rather dry soil thoroughly well prepared and as free from weeds as possible. From the start the ground must be kept loose, open and clean. When the plants meet in the rows cultivation may stop.

First gatherings of foliage should begin by midsummer when the plants start to blossom. Then they may be cut to within a few inches of the ground. The stumps should develop a second and even a third crop if care is exercised to keep the surface clean and open. A little dressing of quickly available fertilizer applied at this time is helpful. For seed some of the best plants should be left uncut. The seed should ripen by mid-autumn.

For winter use plants may be transplanted from the garden, or seedlings may be started in September. The seeds should be sown two to the inch and the seedlings transplanted to pots or boxes. A handy pot is the 4-inch standard; this is large enough for one plant. In flats the plants should be 5 or 6 inches apart each way.

Uses.--Basil is one of the most popular herbs in the French cuisine. It is especially relished in mock turtle soup, which, when correctly made, derives its peculiar taste chiefly from the clovelike flavor of basil. In other highly seasoned dishes, such as stews and dressings, basil is also highly prized. It is less used in salads. A golden yellow essential oil, which reddens with age, is extracted from the leaves for uses in perfumery more than in the kitchen.

The original and famous Fetter Lane sausages, formerly popular with Cockney epicures, owed their reputation mainly to basil. During the reigns of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth farmers grew basil in pots and presented them with compliments to their landladies when these paid their visits..

ITALIAN SALAD

..--Nearly all mixed vegetable salads that contain various ingredients may be safely called *_à l'Italienne_*, for all culinary odds and ends are made into salads by these thrifty people, and it must not for an instant be supposed that the different items are thrown indifferently together. On the contrary, they study the all-important problem of how to first please the eye, so that their gastronomic effort may more easily please the palate. A salad of eight or ten ingredients is usually arranged on a round plate, wheel fashion, with half of a hard-boiled egg, cut crosswise, to represent a hub. When only five ingredients are used, the salad takes the forms of stars or other shapes as fancy dictates. They are usually served with plain salad dressing.

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VEGETABLE SOUP

Zuppa Sauté

Many kinds of vegetables may be used for this soup, carrots, celery, cabbage, turnips, onions, potatoes, spinach, the outside leaves of lettuce or greens of any variety.

Select three or four kinds of vegetables. Shred or chop coarsely cabbage or greens, and slice or cut in cubes the root vegetables. Put them over the fire with a small quantity of cooking oil or butter substitute, and let them fry until they have absorbed the fat. Then add broth and cook until the vegetables are very tender. Fry croutons of stale bread in oil and serve them in the soup.

In this, as in other recipes, water may be used instead of broth if the latter is not available, and bouillon cubes or beef extract added just as the hot soup is removed from the fire.

SPAGHETTI ALLA NAPOLITANA

1/2 lb. round steak
1/4 lb. salt pork or bacon
1 small onion
A clove of garlic
1 tablespoon butter or substitute
A few dried mushrooms, if desired
Several sprigs parsley

Fresh or canned tomatoes

Grind the salt pork and try it out in a saucepan. While it is frying put the onion through the grinder. As soon as the pork begins to brown add the onion, the parsley chopped, the garlic shredded fine, and the mushrooms which have been softened by soaking in warm water. When the vegetables are very brown (great care must be taken not to burn the onion, which scorches very easily) add the meat ground coarsely or cut up in little cubes. When the meat is a good brown color, add about one pint of tomatoes and simmer slowly until all has cooked down to a thick creamy sauce. It will probably take 3/4 hour. The sauce may be bound together with a little flour if it shows a tendency to separate.

This sauce is used to dress all kinds of macaroni and spaghetti, also for boiled rice. Spaghetti should be left unbroken when it is cooked. If it is too long to fit in the kettle immerse one end in the boiling salted water and in a very few minutes the ends of the spaghetti under the water will become softened so that the rest can be pushed down into the kettle. Be careful not to overcook it and it will not be pasty, but firm and tender. Drain it carefully and put in a hot soup tureen. Sprinkle a handful of grated cheese over it and pour on the sauce. Lift with two forks until thoroughly mixed.

NUT CAKE

1/4 lb. rice flour
6 oz. sugar
4 oz. butter
4 eggs
Vanilla
4 oz. almonds and filberts

Blanch the almonds and filberts and dry them thoroughly. Grind them very fine and mix with the rice flour and two tablespoons of the sugar. Beat the eggs light and beat in the rest of the sugar. Pour the eggs into the other mixture and beat all very light. Add the melted butter and continue to beat. Pour into a buttered loaf-cake tin and bake in a moderate oven.

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